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THE JERUSALEM
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Friday, October 7, 1977

Avoiding stalemate

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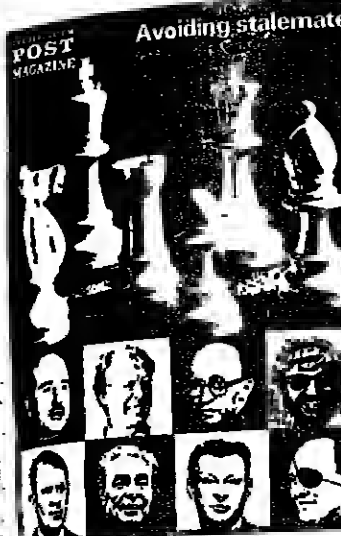
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Avoiding stalemate?
Artwork by Alex Berlyne.

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ALYAH & ABSORPTION INFORMATION COLUMN

Successful absorption is a key to increased aliyah. The Ministry of Immigrant Absorption and the Jewish Agency are presenting this column as part of a series of articles designed to provide olim with information in various fields: practical advice, reports on changes in regulations, employment and housing opportunities, and stories of olim who have absorbed. It is obvious that the column will not be aimed at the same reader each time. The column is written by a staff of Israeli writers, most of them olim. The views they hold are their own.

We are hoping that enough interest in this effort will be generated to encourage reader responses, which will allow us to tailor the content to demand. It is not our intention to receive and reply to specific complaints of olim, but we will select problems encountered as subjects for future articles.

MILITARY SERVICE FOR OLIM PART II:

Part I of this article appeared on Sept. 23. Reprints of this and other articles are available from the Department of Information for Olim, P.O.B. 616, Jerusalem.

CORRECTION:
The table which appeared in "Military Service Part I" should read:
Single Olim age 22-28 upon arrival in Israel serve 18 months Regular Service
Married Olim (without children) age 22-28 upon arrival in Israel serve 12 months Regular Service
and not as previously stated.

Special conditions and privileges exist for those qualifying to study first and serve in the IDF only after receiving their degree. Doctors and dentists are subject to special reserve duty obligations.

THE ACADEMIC, TECHNICAL AND PEDAGOGICAL RESERVES

In order to permit a limited number of talented Israeli students to continue their studies, the IDF has created a programme called the academic reserves. Students are accepted into the academic reserves on the basis of superior performance demonstrated in difficult examinations, as well as outstanding grades. Acceptance is considered a great privilege, even though it often entails a two-year extension of military service.

Most of the academic reserve's

entrance criteria are waived for olim. New immigrant applicants need only have begun full-time academic studies at one of the following recognized institutions: Hebrew University of Jerusalem; The Technion — Israel Institute of Technology (Haifa); Tel-Aviv University; Haifa University; Bar-Ilan University; Ben-Gurion University of the Negev; The Weizmann Institute of Science; The Rubin Academy of Music (Jerusalem) and the Jerusalem College of Technology. Since an olim has the right to postpone his induction until he completes either his bachelor's or masters' degree, participation in the academic reserves is purely voluntary.

The programme entails entering the regular reserves after a period of basic training. Students must serve in the reserves, often at the expense of their studies, upon completion of which, they commence regular military service.

If a member of the academic reserve is placed in the field in which he received his degree during his military service, he is obligated to serve two additional years in the professional army upon completion of his three years in regular service.

Immigrants who completed high school in Israel are not eligible for the special conditions granted to olim; they may however apply to the academic reserves in the same manner as non-immigrant Israelis.

There are also technological and pedagogical reserves for new immigrants who begin studying within one year of their arrival in Israel. In the former, those who have completed their studies and are employed in their own fields during regular military service must serve one additional year in the professional army in addition to the three years' regular service.

DOCTORS AND DENTISTS

Male doctors and dentists who arrive in Israel up to the age of 28 are obligated to complete full military service. Those arriving at ages 27-34 serve for 18 months while those aged 35-54 serve in the reserves only. Female doctors and dentists serve in the regular army if single and in the reserves if married. Doctors and dentists are paid according to professional army rates from the date of their induction.

RETRAINING PROGRAMMES

If an immigrant begins a retraining course within one year of his date of arrival, the course is given under the auspices of the Ministry of Labour, he will automatically be granted a postponement of military service in order to complete the course.

SERVICE IN FOREIGN ARMIES

Many new immigrants, particularly those from countries which now have or have recently had conscription, have served in the armies of their countries of origin. The IDF recognizes such service and takes it into consideration when calculating an immigrant's service requirement. For example, if an immigrant has served for 18 months or longer in a foreign army, he is not required to serve for more than six months in the Israeli Army (regular service). If he served for less than 18 months, the time thus served will be deducted from his service requirement here.

In no case, however, will service in the IDF be reduced in this manner to a period of less than six months. Foreign service must have been continuous and must have lasted for a minimum of one month. Documents attesting to such service must be presented to IDF officials.

The reductions are separate and distinct from those accorded a new immigrant by virtue of his "oleh" status. The immigrant who served in a foreign army may elect to

shorten his Israeli army service either on the basis of his "oleh" status or his past service, but not both.

MILITARY SERVICE AND DUAL CITIZENSHIP

The Security Services Act does not distinguish between permanent residents who maintain additional citizenships and those who do not. Therefore, the law demands that every permanent resident be conscripted. However, the so-called "Anglo-Saxon" countries display a wide range of reactions to the fact that their citizens may be asked to serve in Israel's armed forces.

British policy is the least problematic for the olim, since there is a long-standing liberal policy permitting British subjects to maintain other citizenships. Thus, service in the IDF poses no problem.

South Africa practices benign non-interference with respect to those of its citizens in Israel. Although this policy is not official, no South African has been penalized to date for serving in the IDF.

The situation is a bit more confusing in Australia. According to Australian immigrant spokesmen, an Australian citizen who is drafted into the IDF upon becoming a permanent resident does not endanger his Australian citizenship. However, voluntarily serving in the IDF might bring such citizens under review. Before taking any action with respect to military service, concerned Australian citizens are advised to check with the relevant authorities.

The American reaction to service in the IDF is the most complex. This situation has become increasingly undefined in recent years. There was a brief period after the Supreme Court's landmark case of *Alroyim vs. Rusk* (1987) when the U.S. position was fairly neutral with respect to U.S. citizens who were conscripted by Israel. The Supreme Court declared that a U.S. citizen has the constitutional right to remain a citizen unless he "voluntarily relinquishes that citizenship." Since the Law of Return automatically confers Israeli citizenship upon American Jews who reside permanently in Israel, without requiring any overt "act of allegiance" on their part, they were considered as retaining their U.S. citizenship without complication. The same held true for military service. Since Israeli authorities

routinely drafted permanent residents, this service was considered non-voluntary and therefore did not endanger the olim's American citizenship.

However, on January 18, 1989, the Attorney-General "clarified" the Supreme Court decision's apparent contradiction with a previous law, the McCarran-Walter Immigration and Naturalization Act (1952), which had not been ruled unconstitutional in the above-mentioned Supreme Court decision. This act specifically stated that there are conditions under which a U.S. citizen might relinquish his citizenship without a written declaration to that effect. The Attorney-General stated that certain actions on the part of U.S. citizens abroad might be construed as a derogation of allegiance, even where no formal renunciation of allegiance has been made. Each individual case is reviewed independently, in order to determine the intent of the persons involved. No single "action" may, in and of itself, be construed as allegiance to a foreign country. However, a pattern of actions, such as voting in a foreign country, service in foreign military forces, long-term residence abroad, etc., may make it clear that the individual did indeed intend to change allegiance. An American who wishes to safeguard his American citizenship and has been drafted into the IDF should consult the relevant authorities for guidance in this matter. (U.S. Consulate, or the Association of Americans and Canadians in Israel).

Canadian Nationals are also advised to contact their nearest consulate or embassy as well as the A.A.C.I. for advice.

LOCAL INDUCTION OFFICES

Owing to the complexity of the induction system, new immigrants are advised to refer to their nearest induction office for further information either in person or in writing. Reception hours at all offices are between 8:00 a.m. and 12:00 noon, Sunday through Thursday, excluding holidays and eves of holidays.

The addresses of the local induction offices are:
Tel Aviv area 12-14 Omar-el-Khayyam Street
Haifa 103 Rashi St.
Jerusalem 22 Yed Vashem St.
Beer Sheva Nazareth Street
Tiberias (S.G.)

הכרזת מלחמה

هكذا من الأصل

MAKRAM KHOURY, the handsome young man who plays the stockbroker in the Haifa Municipal Theatre's current production of Jean Giraudoux's *Modemna of Chaillet*, is an Arab. So are Mohammed Bakri and Yusef Abu-Warda, who play the messenger and the policeman, and who starred in the theatre's previous production — Arthur Miller's *A View from the Bridge*.

The three are the only Arabs currently earning their living as actors in Israel's Hebrew-language theatre. But, maintains artistic director Amnon Meskin, this is not, as one of the afternoon newspapers claimed recently, because Haifa hands over backwards to give minorities a chance. All three were hired (Makram on a seasonal contract, the other two for specific productions) because they are talented, disciplined, and dedicated performers. Period.

Acting it seems, like journalism and art, is one of the few fields in Israel where how good you are is more important than what is written in your identity card, and where a non-Jew can realistically hope to reach the top of his profession.

This was not clear, however, 10 years ago when Makram — at 32 the oldest and most experienced of the three — graduated from high school. His father dissuaded him from enrolling in Jerusalem's Beit Zvi dramatic school.

Khoury senior, a Greek Orthodox lawyer from Kfar Yasif, had nothing against actors; he was simply trying to be practical. This is not Egypt or Lebanon, he reminded his son, but Israel, where there is no Arabic-language theatre. To succeed, you will have to work in Hebrew and compete with Jews for parts. It will never happen.

So Makram, whose only ambition in life was to act, didn't go to Beit Zvi. Instead, he became a counsellor at the Jerusalem YMCA where, as luck would have it, he met Jacqueline Kronberg, an American who along with Mike Nichols and Elaine May had founded the Second City Theatre of Chicago. Kronberg made him a part of her English-language drama group, an experience so positive for Makram that five years after arriving in Jerusalem he was embarking on a seven-term course at a drama school in England. The funds his parents sent were supplemented by a loan "from a wonderful Jewish woman named Clara," arranged by Ruth Dayan.

HE RETURNED to Israel determined to establish a professional Arabic-language theatre. The Education Ministry agreed to make a small contribution to his scheme, provided the funds were administered by Haifa's Beit Hagafen Jewish-Arab Community Centre. So Makram transformed a tale from the *Arabian Nights* into a musical which was performed 120 times for the country's minority communities.

"We were like a Shakespearean troupe, going from village to village, setting up our own stage and scenery, changing into costume behind cars. We acted for entire populations, everyone from school children scolded on the grass to old men seated on their donkeys. It was great — we performed with love and care — but there was no money in it. One by one the actors quit."

So did Makram (who was also having his political and professional differences with Beit Hagafen's management) when the Cameri Theatre offered him



Israeli Arab actors (from left) Mohammed Bakri, Yusef Abu-Warda and Makram Khoury. (Photo Judah Passow)

ARABIAN KNIGHTS

They wouldn't normally perform at the Good Fence or in the territories. But they work in Hebrew and compete with Jews for parts. JOAN BORSTEN talks to three Israeli Arabs who are earning their living on the local stage.

the lead in *The Return*, a play by Miriam Kainy about a Jew and an Arab who had grown up together. "I knew that if I succeeded in the role, it would become my passport into the Hebrew-language theatre." Which indeed it was.

Fifteen months later he left the Cameri because the Education Ministry asked him and several others "to have another stab at organizing an Arabic-language theatre — this time on our own terms."

The attempt failed. Had it succeeded, then not only Makram but Mohammed (a 24-year-old Moslem from Kfar Banah, in Western Galilee) and Yusef (the 24-year-old son of Maronite refugees from Bir'im who grew up in Gush Halav and Acre) would probably not today be actors with the Haifa Municipal Theatre. "Not that Hagafen isn't still running a theatre group," says Makram rather bitterly. "They are, and getting IL750,000 a year from the Education Ministry to produce two or three plays seen by perhaps 8,000 people."

"But the whole thing was becoming political. Suddenly, without warning, during a rehearsal a group of tourists would arrive to see the wonderful project the Education Ministry is funding for the Israeli Arab community."

"Also, the plays chosen were not what actors like ourselves like to do. What's wrong with doing a play about war? about the workers? about the Jewish-Arab problem in Israel? What's wrong with a play written by an Israeli Arab?"

(Edward Sharrush, director of the Hagafen group, was very disturbed by the criticism of Makram, whom he labels a radical, but whom he also says

belongs with "his own" at Beit Hagafen despite the problems. Sharrush admits that the plays presented by Hagafen are very tame, but contends that the group is still too inexperienced to do anything controversial and that the Arab public is not yet ready for "non-humanistic" theatre.)

Beit Hagafen was such a "shocking" experience, says Makram, that three years ago when he was offered a job at the Haifa Municipal Theatre he took it. Until a few months ago when Yusef and Mohammed were recruited to play in *A View from the Bridge*, he was the only Arab in a company of some 80 Jews.

Although Makram, Yusef, and Mohammed maintain that their fellow actors accept them 100 per cent and that they have never been discriminated against by the management, they agree that Arab actors in the Haifa theatre have unusual problems. The most obvious being language. Mohammed — a tall, thin, Nordic-looking Maronite Brando, who until recently was studying theatre arts at Tel Aviv University — says that although he has managed to lose his Arab intonation, he doubts whether he could ever be cast as a sabra.

Yusef, who studied for a time at the Beit Zvi dramatic school, would prefer to perform almost exclusively in Arabic if only Beit Hagafen were a more "serious" venture.

"Acting in Hebrew makes me schizophrenic," he explains. "I'm losing my identity as an Arab. My command of my native language is deteriorating. I'm doing more for Jews than for Arabs. I have more in common with Jews who understand theatre than with my childhood friends."

"Yet I can't find a landlord in

Haifa willing to rent me a flat. I feel that my Jewish colleagues and friends don't understand my problems as an Israeli Arab, a Palestinian. I feel 'out of it' socially."

Mohammed maintains that he never for one moment forgets that he's an Arab — not because people treat him differently, but because of the political situation. Recently, for example, he was scheduled to perform at the Khan in Jerusalem. Some hours before the play began, a bomb exploded.

"I felt that because the audience knew I was an Arab, every eye was on me. I felt that I had to be better than anyone else, to prove myself."

It has taken Mohammed a long time to gain enough confidence in his talent as an actor to stop worrying "whether the audience does or doesn't like me personally."

MAKRAM BELIEVES that the Jewish stereotype of the Israeli Arab can only be broken down if more Arabs begin to invade predominantly Jewish fields.

"I think it's important for this reason, that Arabs perform in the Hebrew theatre. It gives Jews a chance to see us as humans, and as actors who are as good as Jewish actors. Maybe they will even learn to respect us. For me, that's the challenge."

Six years ago there was a handful of other Israeli Arabs regularly performing in the Hebrew-language theatre. But in the theatrical atmosphere engendered in the general community by the Yom Kippur War, they all dropped out, preferring to play in Arabic or not at all.

Neither Makram, Mohammed, nor Yusef feels that he is being

"used" politically ("If we ever thought so, we'd have to leave"); but all three have made their own rules which, they say, allow them to act in the Hebrew-language theatre with a clear conscience. None of them, for instance, would play at the Good Fence or in the territories, except as part of a independent, non-government funded or sponsored production.

"Once," recalls Makram "I had a terrible experience. I went with Hagafen to perform in the Gaze Strip for our people and was put in the untenable position of being guarded from them by Israeli soldiers."

All three, however, would perform for the army — and have indeed done so — believing that there is little difference between a soldier stationed in the Sinai and the civilian who comes to see them in Haifa.

The three actors all maintain that they would probably not be willing to play any role that would disparage the Arab people in Jewish eyes. Makram, however, did once play the part — in Yehoshua Sobol's *The Joker* — of a Zahal soldier of Moroccan origin who hates Arabs and keeps saying so.

"But I didn't mind playing an anti-Arab because I could identify with the Moroccan, who was grieving, troubled, and bitter because of how he had been kicked around by the Israeli establishment."

In fact, that part was my first real success in the Hebrew-language theatre, the role which made me known to Israelis. I made them feel the soul of the Moroccan and empathize with me as an Arab playing the part."

WINNING THE approbation of the Israeli Arab community, which rarely, if ever, ventures into the Hebrew-language theatre, also offers a challenge. Makram's family has "got used to the fact that I am an actor"; Yusef's parents "are unhappy but accept it"; Mohammed's parents are heartbroken.

"I am the oldest of 12 children," explains Mohammed. "My father, who is Mayor of Beneh, wanted me to be a lawyer, or a doctor, or at least a high-school teacher. For that reason, he objected to Beit Zvi."

"To this day, only my wife and a few friends believe in me. My parents and most of the village still think acting is a dishonourable profession for a man."

Younger Israeli Arabs, however, have been encouraged by the success of Makram, Mohammed, and Yusef, whom they occasionally hear on radio and see in Arabic television plays directed by Anton Saleh.

Makram says that many of the younger generation — Moslems and Christians, girls as well as boys — are talking about careers in the Hebrew-language theatre, and are studying at Beit Zvi or abroad. But he feels it is part of a larger overall trend.

"There are many talented Israeli Arabs, but their directions are limited. They can't hope to become head of a company like Eliezer, they can't hope to become top scientists. So they look for another outlet, a way to express themselves, a profession where they can be seen."

"I think it's going to be the arts, which have traditionally been open to minorities in most countries. I think that you're going to see more and more young Israeli Arabs going into writing, journalism, painting, cinema and theatre. And they're going to do well."

ZBIG'S DAD

A courtly former Polish diplomat, Tadeusz Brzezinski — who also happens to be the father of President Carter's national security adviser — talks about Nazi persecutions of Polish Jews in Leipzig in the 1930s with Montreal correspondent CHARLES LAZARUS.

EVER THE quintessential diplomat, Tadeusz Brzezinski kept a low profile and circumspect silence when his son, Zbigniew Brzezinski, became President Jimmy Carter's right-hand man in national security matters last January.

Recently, Mr. Brzezinski the elder, now 81 and a long-time Canadian citizen and Montreal resident — he served here as Polish consul-general from 1938 to 1946 — certainly unwittingly, and perhaps unwillingly, surfaced in the press.

It was in connection with the visit at the beginning of August of Prime Minister Menachem Begin to Washington, where he met with President Carter.

Time magazine's coverage of the visit included these obscure paragraphs:

"The only top member of Carter's entourage who had met him (Begin) before was (Zbigniew) Brzezinski. From the Israeli Holocaust memorial, Yad Vashem, the premier had brought copies of letters written in 1938 by Brzezinski's father Tadeusz, at the time Polish consul in Leipzig. The older Brzezinski in those stern memos to German authorities had protested their discrimination against Jews..."

IN HIS QUIET, memorabilia-filled and modestly-furnished living room on a tree-lined street in the Montreal suburb of Notre Dame de Gracie, the ambience is of another era of calm gentility, the conversation quiet, with every word and phrase diplomatically measured. But the substance of the talk grates painfully on the memories.

"In those early years of the Nazis," Mr. Brzezinski says gently, "when I was the Polish consul in Leipzig, there was no way of knowing that what did come to pass, would come to pass. There is a tendency in human beings to think normalization will take place, that things will correct themselves..."

Among the documents Menachem Begin brought from Yad Vashem to Washington was one written on March 21, 1938, less than two months after Adolf Hitler had become chancellor of Germany.

Officially designated as originating in the "Consulate of the Republic of Poland in Leipzig," and signed by "Dr. T. Brzezinski, Consul of the Republic of Poland," the document said in part:

"The Consulate has received a message from Altenburg today, according to which two big widow-pans belonging to the place of business of Polish citizen Isaac Rotenberg, situated at Mortzstr. 3 in Altenburg, were

smashed by stones thrown around 3 a.m. during the night of the 18th and 19th of this month, following threats to this effect uttered the day before by a crowd of — judging by their badges — members of the NSDAP. (the Nazi Party)..."

This official protest asked for the guilty parties to be brought to justice, compensation for damage, and future protection.

RECALLING that period, Mr. Brzezinski — he eschews the more formal "Doctor" — explained:

"I served as the Polish consul in Leipzig between 1931 and 1938, and was in my post at the exact time Adolf Hitler took power. At the beginning, it was simply a question of protecting Polish nationals. There were perhaps 100,000 of them, doing business or teaching in places such as Saxony, Weimar, Dresden and Wittenberg, and although Hitler had come to power in January, 1933, on the basis of his Aryan purity and an anti-Semitic philosophy as expounded in Mein Kampf, my diplomatic position made it necessary to intercede on the basis of protecting the rights of Polish nationals."

Yet, despite Mr. Brzezinski's assertion that his official position restricted his protests to the protection of Polish nationals, the evidence contained in the documents resting in Yad Vashem shows that representations were made to the German authorities specifically noting that Polish nationals who were Jews had become the targets of anti-Semitic policies, as had German Jews.

IT WAS ON APRIL 1, 1938, that the boycott of Jewish business and professional men was invoked as official policy by the Nazi government. On that very day, at 2 p.m., an aide in the Polish Consulate in Leipzig dictated the following memorandum:

"Report on telephone conversation with Police Inspector Wiechand at Lengsfeld."

"On behalf of the consul, Dr. T. Brzezinski, I intervened today... at the gendarmerie station at Lengsfeld regarding the boycott in progress, which has affected, among others, a Polish citizen of the Jewish faith named Peter Wildman, domiciled at Lengsfeld."

"The telephone was answered at first by a clerk, and only after a short time did the responsible police inspector, Mr. Wiechand, personally come to the telephone. I repeated the following:

"The Consulate has today received a telephone message according to which the place of business of a certain Peter Wild-

man, Lengsfeld, was also affected by the boycott activities, even though the above-named is a foreigner of Polish citizenship."

"Since the boycott is supposed to be directed only against German Jewry, I request the local gendarmerie station to kindly initiate the necessary steps to the above effect, so that the propaganda slogans which have appeared in Leipzig as well as several other places be removed."

"Thereupon the above-named declared in a very agitated tone, among other things:

"This here is Police Inspector end at the same time S.A. (Sturm-Abteilung, i.e., Storm-Trooper) Leader Wiechand. No steps whatsoever will be taken. We will send the Jew to you, to Leipzig, on Monday with the two S.A. men, so that he will know how to behave himself in Germany. We will chase away all Jews. You take them all with you into Poland, you Poles. You have robbed us of our German cities..."

"Many other insulting terms of abuse followed, as for example 'Polish impudence,' etc."

"When I remarked that I was taking note of the above and that in the matter of the Wildman affair it was only a question of boycott measures, Wiechand answered with an ironic laugh:

"You can complain about me. My name is Wiechand, Police Inspector Wiechand. Upon which Wiechand put down the phone." The memorandum was signed "Witkowski" and dated April 8, 1938.

THERE WERE other documents which Mr. Begin brought from Israel and presented to Zbigniew Brzezinski. The latter, a few days after the prime minister's visit, sent them to his father in Montreal. One document, dated August 30, 1938, 10 days after the signing in Rome of a concordat between the Vatican and Hitler's Third Reich, was addressed to the "Saxon Ministry of the Interior" by the Polish Consulate in Leipzig, stating that a complaint had been lodged with the Leipzig police asking for "compensatory damages because of alleged ill-treatment of a number of Polish Jews..." The Nazi authorities, of course, responded with the official line that Jews were in "protective custody" after they had been attacked in "nationalistic manifestations."

And besides, the whole thing was but another example of "tightly interlaced international Jewry" exercising conspiratorial excesses.

MR. BRZEZINSKI, who decided to stay in Canada when Poland fell into the Soviet bloc after World War Two, became a Canadian citizen in 1961.

As I was reading the documents of protest which he had sent to the Nazi authorities back in 1938, Mr. Brzezinski sat ramrod-straight in a wing-backed chair opposite me, and said movingly, almost as if he still had difficulty trying to sort out what began happening in Germany in the early 1930s:

"At first it seemed only an attitude against strangers, then this hardened, and the attacks on the Jews began, small at the start, boycotts, then came the dogma of pure Aryan."

"Looking back now, I suppose what caught us off guard was how quickly events moved: first with discrimination, then boycotting, then signs of Jude across storefronts and Nazis in brown uniforms watching everyone who walked in." □



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הכזה מן האל

ISRAEL'S homosexual population has apparently been discovered by the nation's media; a television documentary, and several newspaper and magazine articles have appeared recently.

"In fact," said one homosexual, "we have always been here, but in recent months, we've taken a slightly more public profile, especially since the foundation two years ago of the first Israeli homosexual association Ha'aguda Ishmirat zibout ha'prai (The Organization for the Defence of Individual Rights; simply called 'the Aguda' among homosexuals).

Still, in contrast to the U.S., where homosexuals have become open and militant, Israeli homosexuals tend to be invisible, often leading double lives, and keeping their homosexuality a complete secret from family and friends.

"This society is just too small; one big Jewish family, really, and there is simply no place for us," said one Tel Aviv homosexual. A person's destiny here is to marry and raise children for the state. Anyone who does not fit that mould is considered deviant.

HOW MANY "GAYS" are there in Israel? The rights organization has 200 paying members (the vast majority in Tel Aviv) and 400 on its mailing list, but estimates there are many others who have not yet contacted the organization. There are also a large number of people who have had homosexual experiences, but do not consider themselves gay.

THE LAW governing homosexuality in Israel is a 1938 British Mandate ordinance, which stipulates that "any person who has carnal knowledge of animals, or permits a male person to have carnal knowledge of him in an unnatural way is guilty of a felony" and may receive 10 years' imprisonment.

Early in the state's history, however, it became the policy of the government not to prosecute or investigate homosexual relations between consenting adults. Sporadic police harassment of homosexuals was stopped two years ago after a group from the O.D.I.R. discussed the problem with Attorney General Aharon Barak.

A senior government legal adviser told *The Jerusalem Post* that the anti-homosexuality law has been kept on the books "for reasons of coalition politics, and because of a feeling even among non-religious political groups that striking it from the books might be seen as an encouragement of homosexuality."

The government attitude is reflected among the public. Said one non-religious Haifa woman, "I don't like the idea of the persecution of homosexuals, but I don't want to see it legalized — this is something we don't need in this country."

Despite the biblical injunction against it, homosexuality is not an automatic ground for divorce in rabbinical law.

"This should not be a public matter," said Haifa Chief Rabbi Doron Bakshi. "The homosexual is a sick person who must turn to his rabbi for help. Each case is considered individually."

Despite the seemingly liberal approach of police and legal authorities, many Israeli homosexuals still live in a state of fear.

"We know we are condemned to live our lives as something less than full citizens, and fear that the tolerant approach could be revoked at any time. Look at what is happening in America now with the Anita Bryant movement. It is because of our feeling of powerlessness and vulnerability that the Aguda is so important to us."

THE ORGANIZATION was founded in Tel Aviv in 1975, with a mission "to protect homosexuals from police harassment and to fight to change the law that forbids homosexuality." Another equally important purpose was "to make life a little easier for Israeli homosexuals" by giving them a place to find each other, to get together socially, and to discuss common problems.

The organization has had little success with its first aim. During the last Knesset, two members, Shalomit Aloni (Citizens' Rights Movement) and Yossi Sarid (Alignment) sponsored a bill calling for a revocation of the law, but it died before reaching committee.

"Many of us are worried that the right-wing government will institute a more repressive atmosphere for gays," said one Haifa homosexual. "What we want to do now is hold the gains we have made."

Members of the organization contend that the law must be revoked because it brands them as a criminal class, and could be used to justify a new wave of repression.

They have distributed pamphlets, and appeared on T.V., in their campaign to convince the public that "homosexuality is not an illness and we are not a threat to society."

"Israelis are even more bigoted about homosexuality than other peoples because both religion and nationalism encourage the perception of marriage and children as the culmination of life," said one member. "There is almost no literature in Hebrew on the subject. Two years ago, I spoke to a group of Hebrew University psychology students about homosexuality, and heard comments like, 'homosexuals are animals,' and 'all gays hate women.'"

IN ITS SECOND function — giving gays a place to find each other, or simply to get together and socialize — the organization has been more successful.

"Before the foundation of the Aguda, homosexuals looking for others had to meet in parks," says one member. "The Aguda tries to give the gay community a normal social life."

There are regular meetings, dances, lectures, encounter groups, and discussions with sympathetic therapists, and the organization has a telephone line open one evening a week so that gays from all over the country can seek advice on emotional and other problems.

Both male and female homosexuals have separate steering committees, but relations between the two groups are much closer than in countries like the U.S. which have large gay communities. "Here in Israel, where both communities are so small and powerless, we depend on each other," says a lesbian.

In the consciousness-raising groups, the members are encouraged to talk about their sex lives proudly and openly.

"I try to help them to accept themselves as positive beings, explained a psychiatrist, "and not to torment themselves over something they cannot change. What I find scandalous are psychiatrists like the one who told one

GAY IN ISRAEL

Homosexuals say there is no place for them in this society and they live in constant fear of being found out. Some must adopt many masks. WALTER RUBY reports.



of the members here, 'Take valium and don't see your lover for three months and it will go away.'"

Says one member, "To understand the importance of this organization for us, you have to understand what it is like to be in the closet, as nearly all Israeli homosexuals are to varying

degrees. Many of us lead completely double lives; usually our parents do not know, and we're losing our jobs if it comes out at work. To find this kind of outlet after so many years of self-compromise is fantastic."

TO OAIN a deeper understanding of the experience of being gay in

Israel, I talked with a number of homosexual men and women about their personal lives. In both groups I was struck by the way each person had managed to fashion a fulfilling existence in extraordinarily difficult circumstances.

The male homosexuals I spoke to are very different types. Zvi, 26,

is a flamboyant Haifa artist who believes that "homosexuality is the way of true expression," and that "gays may bring a new renaissance of free expression to the human race." David, 35, is an office worker in Tel Aviv who works quietly for gay rights, and has a wide circle of heterosexual as well as gay friends. Simha, 28, works in a small factory in Jerusalem, avoids movement politics, and says that he and his friends live lives not very different from most Israelis.

Yet all three have suffered from what David calls, "the constant pressure of straight society upon us... The barrage of propaganda controlling us every day; affirming a lifestyle in which we cannot share... The well-meaning queries from relatives who don't know we are gay. 'When are you going to get married?' So many times, I have wanted to jump out the window just to escape the sense of my own differentness."

Says Simha, "From an early age, I have been harassed and humiliated by people calling me defective and queer. Now I avoid the heterosexual world as much as possible."

Says Zvi, "Several times, I have been beaten up by toughs, who were undoubtedly repressed homosexuals themselves. I would like to reach out to all of those who are so afraid and full of hate. It is absurd to make such a fetish of sex, which after all is simply the joining of two bodies."

While Zvi was able to avoid army service for health reasons, the other two had traumatic experiences in the military.

For David, things were all right until an acquaintance from pre-army days reported to the authorities that his friend was gay. "I was called in and subjected to hours of questioning," David recalls. "They wanted to know all about my sex life, and tried to get me to tell about other homosexuals I knew of. All of my army friends came under suspicion even though not one of them was gay. I was placed under the supervision of an officer who hated me and always gave me the worst work details. By the time I got out, I was on the edge of a nervous breakdown."

Simha says: "I was determined to go through with the army so that my parents and friends would think I was normal. But it proved impossible; the guys in the regiment tortured me physically and mentally. Finally, I found a psychiatrist who helped me. He got me a desk job in Tel Aviv, and permission to live away from the base."

THE THREE SAY that day-to-day life for homosexuals involves a constant fear of being found out.

"The small-mindedness is hard to escape," says Simha. "Many people assume that two males coming an apartment together are gay even if they aren't, and won't rent to two males."

At work, both Simha and David are friendly to everyone, but don't get involved in social activities. "It's a problem because I don't want any of the girls to get interested in me," David acknowledges. "I'm sure everyone gossips about me."

David finds the park pick-up scene nerve-racking. "It's a sex market in its worst form, and it brings out the worst in everyone. The regulars prowling the park every night, and if a new body shows up, everyone comes to see him. I much prefer to have this a long-term affair with a boyfriend. Still, when it's over, I end up back in the park."

After many years of agonizing, David finally told his mother about his homosexuality. "It was a terrible shock for her. She threw me out of the house, and wouldn't speak to me for a long time. Eventually, she came to accept it and I moved back home. Now when my lover is in town, he stays with me in her house." Simha had a similar experience. "I am sure my parents suspected, but when I finally confronted with the reality



Oscar Wilde; victim of society?

they didn't know what to say or do. It was a year before we were able to talk to each other again."

David faces the future with some trepidation. "The inevitability of growing old frightens me, because relationships in the homosexual world are based largely on physical attractiveness. I don't want to become a dirty old man."

Simha would like to marry, and have children. "Having children is very important to me. I hope I will be able to find a woman who would accept me for what I am. Perhaps I will keep that part of my life a secret."

Zvi says, "I know life would be much easier for me if at some point I could just put all this behind me, and become a husband and father. But this reality is that I shall never be able to. If I try to turn myself into something I'm not, I'll end up by going insane."

"WHAT IS IT like to be a lesbian in Israel?" I asked a group of three Haifa lesbians.

"In many ways, it is really awful," said Yael, 26, an attractive writer and artist. "There are so many problems to overcome; the trauma of your first homosexual experiences when you are racked with guilt and self-doubt, the difficulties of finding other lesbians, and the emotional problems involved in spending your whole life swimming against the prevailing stream."

Raya, 38, a former Canadian, is married and has a child. "Someone in my position has to wear so many masks," she says. "I play one role with my husband, who knows about but dislikes my lesbianism, another role with our straight friends who know nothing, and, of course, another role with Diane, my lover. How many masks can you wear and maintain your sanity?" Said Diane who is nine years younger, "It is still very difficult and potentially

very risky to ask someone you are attracted to if she is gay."

The lesbians agreed that the period right after a young girl learns of her homosexuality is the most difficult.

"Young girls who first come in lesbianism feel guilty and confused — some even attempt suicide. There ought to be instruction in the schools that explains that homosexuality is an acceptable alternative life-style," said Raya.

They all feel they are a displaced group in Israeli society. "As women, we are already secondary, and as lesbians we are the bottom rung of society," said Diane.

Many Israeli lesbians have joined the feminist movement, but even here have often met with hostility and suspicion.

"Many mainstream feminists feel that lesbians threaten the movement, and will keep many more conventional women from joining," said Raya.

LIKE THE VAST majority of male homosexuals, Israeli lesbians lead double lives; keeping their sexual identities hidden from all but their close circle of homosexual friends. Would they like to "come out of the closet" and parade openly as gays in the U.S. have done?

Says Raya, "I would march in a homosexual demonstration only if every other gay person in Israel marched with me. Otherwise, I would not have the courage to do it."

Diane, who received a dishonourable discharge from the army after requesting to be released on account of her lesbianism, is somewhat more militant; she sometimes wears her 'Come Out' button to her classes at Haifa University.

She says she feels a great temptation to emigrate back to the U.S. where she lived as a child. "I would feel more at home in a place like San Francisco, where I could surround myself with gay culture."

Raya would like to end her double life and live with Diane. "But I feel unable to give up my respectable position in a society that has no place for gays. The older you get, the more you feel the need for the kind of respectability society offers. Also, I would suffer a real drop in my standard of living if I were to lose my husband's paycheck, and my own as well, as I am sure I would be fired if the word got out I was gay. Still, if I had the money to support myself independently, and my daughter was grown, I think I would do it, despite the shame of it all."

Yael is considering ending the social pressure by getting married to a male homosexual.

"This is a new fashion in the gay community," she said. "To the straight world we would appear to be a normal couple, and might even have children. But our sexual lives will be completely separate. Getting married would ensure our future and give us social status and security."

Yael rejects the idea of emigration because of "a belief in Zionism, and a desire to be close to my family. Nevertheless, when I receive letters from gay Jewish women from abroad who would like to come here but want to know if there is a place for lesbians and homosexuals in Israel, I am unable to give a positive reply."

"So, the narrowness of the life-style here encourages emigration and discourages immigration. As a result, Israel loses many talented people who could make contributions in all walks of life."

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هكذا من الأصل

FOR MOST people a sail is simply a triangular piece of cloth that catches the wind and makes a sailboat go. Not so for sailing champions. For the world-class racing sailors, victory consists of three elements: a good boat, a good crew, and a good sail. If any one of them is not of the highest standard, they'll see only the sterns of the other competitors' boats, but never a cup.

For some time now, a new class from the U.S., Robert "Bob" Mann, himself a life-long racing sailor and sometime champion, has been manufacturing world-class sails. In a one-man, approved-enterprise, sail-making loft he established in his Mt. Carmel flat that, appropriately, overlooks the sea. The champion Israel racing team Shimon Brockman and Eytan Friedlander, with the sails of Mann's Winningway company on their mast, have been bringing home championship trophies, from races both in Israel and abroad. This year they placed first in the Klot Week yachting competition in Germany; third in the European Championship in Austria, and ninth — after being disqualified in two of the seven races — in the championship recently held in Spain. In Spain they came first in four straight races, "and you don't win four races in a row in that class unless you and your sails are very very good," Mann muses. Brockman and Friedlander are also Israel champions in the 420- and 470-boat class, and are very "diligent and talented" technicians in sailmaking with Mann.

His sails have also carried a number of other teams to first and second place in Israeli championships. But "our big objective is winning the Olympics in 1980, in Tallin, Russia," Mann told *The Jerusalem Post*. "Brockman and Friedlander will represent Israel in the 470 class, and I rate their chances of winning as excellent. They've got a good boat, they are a world-class team, and the sails we're making for the event will be the fastest in the world," he said matter-of-factly. "When they complete their military service, they'll join the firm, and then Winningway will have to move into bigger premises."

After their recent string of successes with Winningway sails, "the name of our sails," Mann said, "has been made, and already foreign distributors are clamoring to be our agents. We'll be starting to export soon."

If Brockman and Friedlander win the Olympics, or even place well, they will not only win great honour for Israel and its sports, but will also put Winningway way ahead on the sailmaking map. It will fulfil the "curiosity and hope" that brought Bob Mann to Israel six years ago.

MANN, 34, tall, white-haired, and very soft-spoken, was born in San Diego, California, son of "the only Jewish family in town." At 12, a classmate, whose father was a sailing-ship captain, invited him for a sail in his little boat. Bob was immediately bitten by the sailing bug and became a life-long racing addict, and often winner.

But he soon found that the yachting world, in those days — and in some measure still today — did not welcome Jews. "It was impossible to get the loan-mate who could help you win. There was no rule, and nobody said anything explicit, but when you asked the fellows you wanted, they wouldn't come." So at 13, he entered a race single handed, believing with a technician's confidence that he could handle the boat alone "and

show them all what I could do." In fact, he recalled, "I sailed scared, so scared that I stayed in front all the way just to get it over with, and won." He said this with a nostalgic smile. At 15, he came in eighth in the Star Class championship of the U.S., when almost all the other competitors were veteran racers, and everybody in front of him was a former champion.

Mann waived a scholarship to the University of Chicago in order to keep on racing, and instead worked his way through a college near a waterfront. But he soon found that the wind and the sea were not for Jews. "You couldn't enter an inter-collegiate race unless you were a member of a fraternity, and the fraternities weren't taking Jewish members," he said.

This took the wind out of his sails for 15 years, until after World War II. "But it left me with the sort of traumatic experience that makes you want to win, to beat everybody else."

After graduating, he entered a San Diego bank, rose to senior officer and after the war started racing again, making his own sails. The way was now more open for Jewish yachtsmen and he ran up an impressive record of victories, his boat speeding along with his hand-made sails and his will to win.

WHEN I VISITED Bob Mann in his loft-apartment, he was kneeling on the floor, knees protected by sewn-on pads, figuring out the exact shape for a sail that he hopes will take a boat to victory in the Israel Youth Championships at the end of this month. He tried his best to explain the finer points of making winning sails, and stressed the importance of treating each piece of sail cloth (imported from the U.S.) for its own characteristics.

He showed me a metre-long sail, from a programmed calculator, which is only a start for the calculations that go into a winning sail design.

"I know from a lifetime of racing what I'm trying to accomplish with my sails," he said softly, as tape-recorded classical-sounding choral music played in the background. He explained:

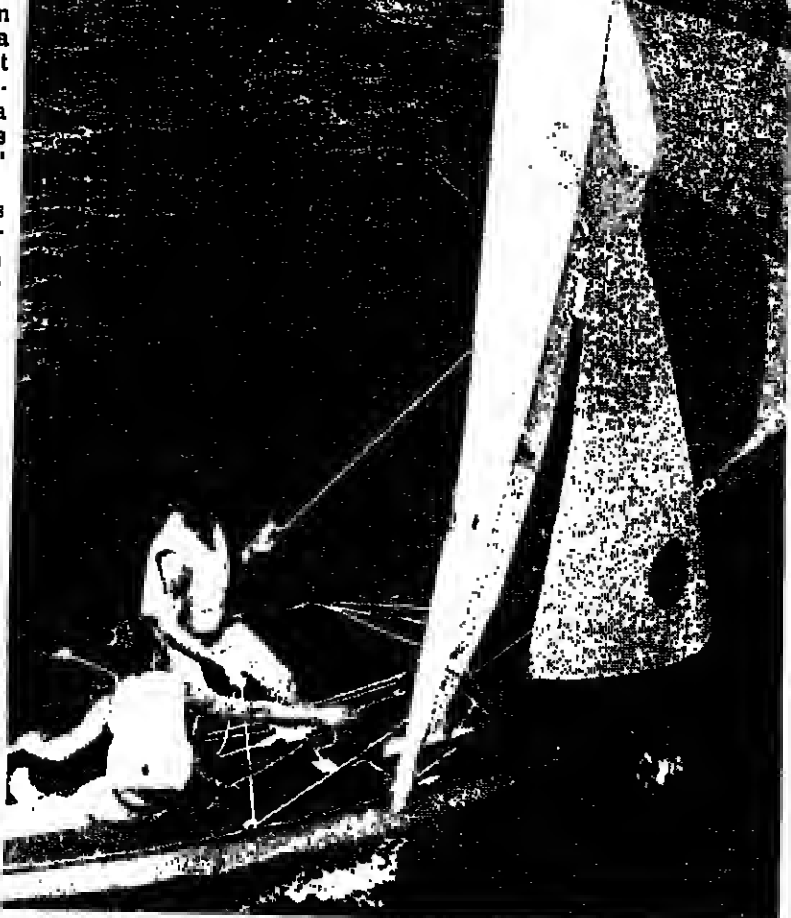
"There is no science of sail-making, but I know the kind of design that yields success. It depends a lot on the shape and curvature, and on the individual handpressing attention you give to each sail. For international-class racing, every detail must be perfect. Each sail takes much thought and a lot of work on these expensive sewing machines I brought from the U.S. So sails become expensive, and a racing sail may cost as much as the boat."

What made him come to Israel? He concedes that his "traumatic experience" half a century ago must have had something to do with it. But there is much more. "I'd been considering the idea for many years, motivated by curiosity and hope about Israel." When, in 1971, his two daughters had grown up "and I had fulfilled my moral obligations, I found I was able to leave." So, he resigned from the bank and "just came."

At Ulpian Akiva, he was top of his class. "But I realised that it wasn't good enough, that I was learning baby talk and would never really make it to being a technician in Hebrew. So I gave it up."

After leaving the Ulpian, Bob, then 38, went through another traumatic experience, trying to sail through the Israeli bureaucracy to get his sail-

ISRAEL SAILS FOR VICTORY



"Our big objective is winning the Olympics in 1980 in the 470 class." Bob Mann (below), a one-man manufacturer of world-class sails, talks to Jerusalem Post reporter YA'ACOV FRIEDLER.



making firm going. It took him five years before Winningway was able to function, he said with a sigh, hastily adding that "it was an experience I prefer to forget."

THE BASIS of sail-making is, of course, sailcloth. The kind of champion-class cloth he needs is obtainable only abroad. But, Israeli customs charged 40 per cent for an imported, ready-made sail, and 150 per cent for sailcloth. So Winningway was, so to say, disqualified before it even reached the starting point, notwithstanding that the added value of champion sails is as high as 70 per cent, and making them here is a great saving of foreign currency. To cut a long story short, the Treasury last January finally promulgated a special customs amendment, "The Bob Mann Amendment," which reduced customs for "specially treated synthetic sail cloth if used for making sails for racing boats of international class." This at last made it possible for him to start working commercially last March, after he had already earned a name locally with sails he had made, on a non-commercial basis, for aspiring Israeli champions, who found themselves in front with his sails on their mast. "I've done far too much legal work instead of just making sails," he sighed, firmly putting the subject aside.

During its short run, Winningway has already made enough winning sails to create a demand not only here, but abroad too, and he is confidently looking forward to becoming a large-scale exporter, as well as producing sails for local enthusiasts to replace imports. "Fortunately the authorities encourage sports, including sailing, so there is a brisk demand here for good sails."

Mann, who appears to be one of only two sailmakers in Israel, and the only one making international-class sails, often has young sailors in his loft to teach them some of the tricks of the trade. He recalls that before they went to Spain, he instructed Brockman and Friedlander about the waves they would encounter in what was, for them, their first ocean race. "For first-timers they did not seem for the controversial disqualifications, they'd have been among the first."

THE WORLD-CLASS sail market is very competitive. There are no secrets. Efforts to protect developments by patents have proven ineffective. "When your sail wins an important race, the competitors buy it and study it and copy the finer points. The only way is to make sure you constantly improve. That is exactly what he is doing, still racing at 34, albeit now on dry land, on Mount Carmel, to keep ahead of the competition and keep making the Made-in-Israel sail the most sought after in the world.

But his own sailing days are over. He still "hangs around" the sailing club in Haifa's Kishon sports harbour, but only to smell the sea, feel the breeze, watch the sails and encourage the youngsters. "I'm too old to race, and if you've been a racing sailor, you can't sail for pleasure," he shrugs philosophically. He now has his Winningway sails do his racing for him. He has no hesitation in calling them "sails that win."

Next year at Tallin will be the big test. If the sails do well in Russia, and gain the world-wide reputation the Olympics offer, it is to Israel that the wind will be blowing for sailors with a will to win. □

POST PULLOUT GUIDE The Poster

THEATRE

All performances are in Hebrew, unless otherwise stated.
Jerusalem

MARATHON — A tour de force of a play by French playwright Claude Confortes, about two men actually running a marathon race. Under the brilliant direction of Began Jonathan Merzer, with the Khon's cast of three actually running for about two hours. (Khan, opposite railway station, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

THEATRICAL GAMES — Impassioned show in which the technical, behind-the-curtain activities become the central stage performance. With Israel Givoni and others. (Khan, opposite railway station, Saturday at 8.30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv

ALL MY SONS — Arthur Miller's play about World War II profiteers. Produced by the Cameri Theatre. (Mahmoud Hall, 17 Nahmani, Saturday, Sunday and Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

AND THE RUDDER SHALL BE MADE LEVEL — Based on the tale by S.V. Agnes. Produced by the Cameri Theatre. (Mahmoud Hall, 17 Nahmani, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

DO YOU KNOW THE MILKY WAY — A realistic, courtly play set in a mental asylum about a soldier's search for his lost identity after returning from war. (Mahmoud Hall, 17 Nahmani, Saturday and Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE EMIGRANTS — A bitter-sweet story of two emigrants from a communist country, a peasant who left to make money and an intellectual who escaped to write a book on freedom but lost the urge. (Mahmoud Hall, 17 Nahmani, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

FLOWERS FOR A WHITE MOUSE — Science fiction story of a retarded man who becomes a genius after an experimental brain operation. One-man show with Haiman actor Alex Polig. Adapted and translated by Elud Manor (20A House, 1 Daniel Frisch, Saturday at 8 p.m.)

FOUR WOMEN — By the Habimah Theatre. (Mahmoud Hall, Tuesday and Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE OODG WOMAN OF GETZUAN — Japanese production of Broch's play translated by Shimon Sandbank about a poor woman destined to live in a corrupt town of sinners. (Habimah's Large Hall, Monday and Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

JULIUS CAESAR — Shakespeare's play produced by the Cameri Theatre. (Cameri, 30 Dizengoff, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

MARATHON — (Nahmani Hall, 17 Nahmani, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

ISRAELI FOLKLORE — The Hora dance group. (Khan, opposite railway station, Wednesday at 8 p.m.)

Tel Aviv

AMAN WITHIN HIMSELF — Singer/composer performs with his group. (Tzavta, 30 Dizengoff, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

GILDA DAOAN — Israeli singer. (Tzavta, 30 Dizengoff, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

FROM NOW TILL MIDNIGHT — Literary evening. (Tzavta, 30 Dizengoff, Tuesday at 11 p.m.)

IN A PANIC — Musical written and directed by Shimon Yisraeli. (Bnei Dor Theatre, 30 Dizengoff, Saturday at 8 and 10.30 p.m.; Gai, Bell Arlosoroff, 4 Ballin, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

STATUS QUO VARIIS '77 — Written by Yehoshua Sobol. Directed by Eitan Ronen. (Tzavta, 30 Dizengoff, Monday at 8.30 p.m.; Tuesday and Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW — The Cameri's production of Shakespeare's comedy about the man who treats a woman like a tamer treats lions in the circus, and prevents the method's effectiveness. (Yosef Milo's interpretation which attempts a lot but goes nowhere. (Cameri, 101 Dizengoff, Tuesday and Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

THEATRICAL GAMES — (Tzavta, 30 Dizengoff, Thursday)

Haifa

GOG AND MAGOG — Musical satire written by Yehoshua Sobol. Directed by Neia Chilion. Music by Yoni Acsher. (Haifa Municipal Theatre, 30 Pevsner, Saturday and Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE MAD WOMAN OF CHAILLOT — Haila Theatre production of the play by French playwright Jean Giraudoux. (Technion, tonight)

Other Towns

ALL MY SONS — (Bell Shean, Wednesday at 8 p.m.)

GOG AND MAGOG — (Rahovet, Wix Auditorium, Saturday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE MAD WOMAN OF CHAILLOT — (Kfar Sava, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

MARATHON — (Aahod, Olympia, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.; Hahad, Municipal Theatre, Saturday at 8.30 p.m.)

MOMENTS — Haila Theatre production of Nathan Alterman's musical play about the Tel Aviv of the '30s. (Kfar Vitkin, tonight at 8)

THE MURDER OF PIERROT IN THE REAL SCHOOL — Quasi Commedia dell'arte by the Beereheba Theatre. Questions present-day educational approaches. (Beereheba, Wednesday)

TWELFTH NIGHT — Shakespeare's play translated by Elud Manor. Produced by the Beereheba Theatre. (Revivim, Wednesday)

VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE — Arthur Miller's 1955 play examines the plight of legal Italian immigrants living in the U.S. during the Depression. (Kiryat Yam, tonight)

ZOO STORY — Beereheba Theatre's production of the play by Edward Albee. (Beereheba, Tuesday)

MATTI CASPI — Singer/composer performs with his group. (Tzavta, 30 Dizengoff, tonight at midnight; Saturday at 8 p.m.)

YONATAN GEFEN — "Living-room chat." (Tzavta, 30 Dizengoff, Saturday at 11 p.m.; Monday at 9 p.m.)

Other Towns

HAGASUASHI HANOVER — The comedy trio in a musical programme of political satire. (Beereheba, Givat, tonight at 8.30; Elin Hachol, Sunday at 7.15 and 8.30 p.m.; Elin Herod, Wednesday and Thursday at 8 p.m.)

IN A PANIC — (Givatayim, Shavil, tonight at 8.30; Beereheba, Givat, Monday at 8.30 p.m.; Rahovet, Beit Ha'am, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)



Avinoam Mar-Haim (right) and Shabtai Konort, the two on-theatrical figures in the Khan Theatre's "Emigrants."

MUSIC

All performances are at 8.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

HEINER KUNNER — International prize-winning pianist, soloist and organist from Switzerland performs works by Beethoven, Brahms, Liszt, and others. (Israel Museum, Saturday)

EVENING OF OPERETTAS — Seven soloists from Germany, with the participation of the Haila Symphony Orchestra, directed by Gen Vogel. (Beit Ha'am, 11 Bezelel, Tuesday)

JEWSH COUL MUSIC — Gloria Feldman, clarinet. (Khan, opposite railway station, Sunday at 8 p.m.)

ISRAELI BACH SOCIETY — Works by Bach, Mozart and Beethoven for violin, organ and harpsichord. With Yehoshua Givoni and Eli Freud. (International Evangelical Church, 55 Hanevlin, Saturday)

ISRAELI PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA — Zubin Mehta, conductor; Isaac Stern, violin. (Khan, opposite railway station, Saturday)

LYGIA MORDEKOVICH, violin, ALLAN BERNFIELD, piano — Brahms, Sonata No. 2, op. 100; Mozart, Sonata in E flat Major, K. 483. (Khan, opposite railway station, Saturday)

ISRAELI PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA — Zubin Mehta, conductor; Isaac Stern, violin. (Khan, opposite railway station, Saturday)

Tel Aviv

THE ISRAEL NATIONAL OPERA — Works by Verdi, Puccini, and others. Conductors: Alexander Tarkov, Arish Levonon, Thomas Greag Fuller. (Tel Aviv, Saturday at 8.30 p.m.)

EUGENE ONEGIN — By Tchaikovsky, with Wladimir Plante, Harrison Sykes, William Reed, Richard Shapp, Susan Eichelberger, Viorica Pop, Margaret Pearman, Sheldon Pine. (Tel Aviv, Saturday at 8.30 p.m.)

LA TRAVIATA — By Verdi. With Susan Eichelberger, Harrison Sykes, Richard Shapp. (Tel Aviv, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

Other Towns

THE MERRY WIDOW — By Lehár, with Balhar Baumel, William Reed, Benny Shalem, Miriam Laron, Giora Sharon. (Tel Aviv, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

LA TRAVIATA — By Verdi. With Susan Eichelberger, Harrison Sykes, Richard Shapp. (Tel Aviv, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

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violin. Schubert: Symphony No. 6; Prekelev: Violin Concerto No. 1; Brahms: Symphony No. 2 (Mann Auditorium, Saturday)

ISRAELI PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA — Schubert: Symphony No. 2; Hindemith: "Mathis der Maler" symphony; Tchaikovsky: Violin Concerto. (Mann Auditorium, Sunday and Monday)

THE ROBERT FIKLER STRING QUARTET — From Australia. William Hennessy, 1st violin, Teresa Singer, 2nd violin, Gebrecht Berlin, viola, Susan Blake, cello. Quartets by Haydn, Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, Gyorak, Bartok, Britten. (Tzavta, 30 Dizengoff, Saturday at 11.11 a.m.; Beit-Hoven, 93 Dizengoff, Sunday)

ISRAELI PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA — Schubert: Symphony No. 2; Hindemith: "Mathis der Maler" symphony; Tchaikovsky: Violin Concerto. (Mann Auditorium, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday)

EVENING OF OPERETTAS — (Auditorium, Monday)

ISRAELI CHAMBER ORCHESTRA — (Kibbutz Givat Haim, tonight; Kibbutz Eron, Saturday)

EVENING OF OPERETTAS — (Kiryat Bialik, Savyon, Sunday)

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for K. 48 Beethoven, Sonata No. 8 (Kreutzer) (Tel Aviv Museum, Saturday)

EVENING OF OPERETTAS — See Jerusalem for details (Mann Auditorium, Wednesday)

Haifa

ISRAELI PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA — Schubert: Symphony No. 2; Hindemith: "Mathis der Maler" symphony; Tchaikovsky: Violin Concerto. (Mann Auditorium, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday)

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Tel Aviv Cinemas

Commencing Saturday, October 8, 1977

ALLENBY Tel. 57821
5th week
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ALL NEW—
bigger, more exciting
than "AIRPORT 1975"



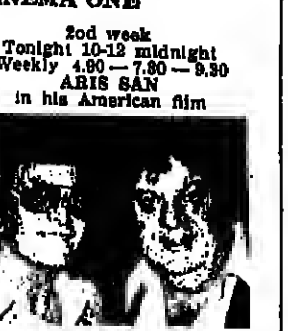
JACK LEMMON
LEE GRANT BRENDA VACCARO
JOSEPH COTTON OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND
DARREN MC GAVIN CHRISTOPHER LEE
GEORGE KENNEDY JAMES STEWART
A UNIVERSAL PICTURE TELECOLOR REMAKE
Hebrew and French
subtitles

BEN YEHUDA Tel. 222769
3rd week
4.30—7.15—9.30

A DAREDEVIL STUNTMAN—
TAKING ON ANY RISK AND
EVERY WOMAN!

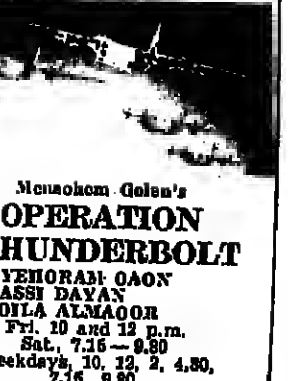


CINEMA ONE
2nd week
Tonight 10-12 midnight
Weekly 4.30—7.30—9.30
in his American film



VOICE IN THE WIND
* OROBOE SAVALAS
* DARY SHALTON
* OZANGIDIS
Producers:
CANNERY S. SOLLIO

CINEMA TWO
By public request
2nd week



OPERATION THUNDERBOLT
YEHORAH OAO
ASSI DAYAN
OILA ALMAOOR
Fri. 10 and 12 p.m.
Sat. 7.15—9.30
Weekdays 10, 12, 2, 4.30,
7.15, 9.30

CHEN Tel. 202288
5th week
10 p.m. & midnight

OUT OF THE SKY—
THE MOST INCREDIBLE
SPECTACLE
OF MEN AND WAR!

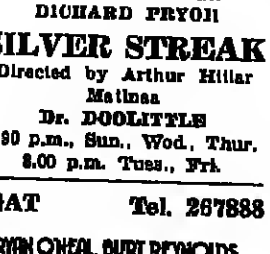


Joseph E. Levine
A BRIDGE TOO FAR.
Color Technicolor
United Artists

DEKEL Tel. 454114/5
11th week
ONE WILDER
JILL CLAYDON
DICHARD FRYON
Directed by Arthur Hiller
Matinee
Dr. DOOLITTLE
4.30 p.m., Sun., Wed., Thur.
8.00 p.m. Tues., Fri.

SILVER STREAK
Directed by Arthur Hiller
Matinee
Dr. DOOLITTLE
4.30 p.m., Sun., Wed., Thur.
8.00 p.m. Tues., Fri.

GAT Tel. 267888
RON OWEN, BURT REYNOLDS,
TOMMY O'NEAL and BRIAN KOTH
PETER BOONCHOWNS



NICKELODEON
Weekdays, 4.30, 7, 9.30

GORDON Tel. 244578
For one week only
4.30—7.15—9.30

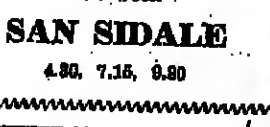
GARBO
Festival Queen of the
Screens



MARIA VALBWSKA
CONQUEST

HOD Tel. 226226
5th week
**TIGERS DON'T
ORY**
ANTHONY QUINN
Fri. 10 p.m. only
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

LIMOR Tel. 200778
6th week
SAN SIDALE
4.30, 7.15, 9.30



ROGER MOORE
JAMES BOND
007
THE SPY WHO LOVED ME
4.30—7.30
United Artists

PARIS Tel. 286600
7th week
11th week

MEL
THE PRODUCERS
SILENT MOVIE
BROOKS
does it again with the
12 Chairs
ALSO WITH: ROLL
(OLIVER)
MOODY
HIGHEST
RATING
DAILY NEWS
ACCOMPLISHED
NBG-TV
A FORUM FILM IN COLOR
Fri. 10, 12, 2;
10 p.m. & midnight
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays: 10, 12, 2, 4,
7.15 & 9.30

PEER Tel. 449795
11th week

Life Show
"A FIRST CLASS
ENTERTAINMENT."
Richard Schickel
Time Magazine

ART
CARNEY
LILY
TOMLIN
4.30, 7.30, 9.30

RAMAT AVIV
OBSESSION
CLIFF ROBERTSON
GENEVIEVE BUJOLD

ROYAL Tel. 55851
**CIRCLE OF
LOVE**
Fr. 10-12-3
Sat. 7.30-9.30
Daily 10-12-3-4-7.30-9.30

STUDIO Tel. 295817
3rd week
3 WOMEN
SHELLEY DUVALL
BIBY SPACK
JANITA RYLE
Weekdays: 4.30, 7, 9.30

ORLY Tel. 284025
14th week
FUNNY PEOPLE
The comedy of comedies
4.30—7.30—9.30
ESTHER Tel. 225610
3rd week
URI ZOHAR
OILA ALMAOOR
GABI AMRANI
**SAVE THE
LIFEGUARD**
TCHELET Tel. 443950
4th week
**THE MAN WHO
FELL TO
EARTH**
4.30, 7.15, 9.30
TEL AVIV Tel. 281181
4th week
**CRIME
BUSTERS**
* Bud Spencer
* Terrence Hill
4.30, 7.15, 9.30
Please come on time

SHAHAF, Kikar Atarim
11th week
**WOODY ALLEN
DIANE KEATON**
Fri. 10, 12 midnight
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays, 4.30, 7.30, 9.30
United Artists
ZAFON Tel. 440085
10th week
JEAN BOCHART
OLAUDE BRASSEUR
**Un Elephant
Ca Trompe**
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

Haifa Cinemas
Commencing Saturday, October 8, 1977
AMPHITHEATRE
3rd week
BUD SPENCER
TERRENCE HILL
in
CRIME BUSTERS
Nobody is safe on either
side of the law...
Peris. 4.30, 6.45, 9.30
ARMON Tel. 664848
3rd week
The actress's most
legendary spectacle
of man and war
Joseph B. Levine's
**A BRIDGE
TOO FAR**
DIEZ BOGARDE
MICHAEL CAINE
JAMES CAAG
SEAN CONNERY
Owing to length
peris. 4.00, 6.00
ATZMON
A film by Pietro Germi
AMICI MIEI
(My Friends)
Starring
PHILIPPE NOIRET
UGO TOGLIATTI
Peris. 4.00, 6.45, 9.00
CHEN Tel. 668272
7th week
CARRIE
Nominated for
2 Academy Awards
with SUSAN SPACK
PIPER LAURY
For adults only
MIRON Tel. 668008
From Friday
six nonstop peris.
A most sexy, spicy film
Girls' Confidences
In and Out of Bed
For adults only
FEER Tel. 662352
Ventilated
8th week
Academy award winner:
best picture, best director
best film editing
Star...
SYLVESTER STALLONE
in:
ROCKY
No complimentary tickets
Owing to length of peris.
4.30, 6.30, 9.00

Jerusalem Cinemas
Commencing Saturday, October 9, 1977
ARMON Tel. 224820
3rd week
4—7—9
**THE
INCREDIBLE
SARAH**
with
GLENDA JACKSON
EDISON Tel. 224056
Starting 8.10.77
Saturday 7, 9
Weekdays 4, 7, 9
A dramatic story in a girl's
prison
Sensual-sneaking climax
— full of tension
GIRL BOSS
In colour
HABIRAH Tel. 282886
8th week
**OUT OF
THE SKY—**
THE MOST
INCREDIBLE
SPECTACLE
OF MEN AND WAR!
Joseph E. Levine
**A BRIDGE
TOO FAR.**
Sat. 9.00—9.45
Weekdays 6.30—9.30
EDEN Tel. 228820
Saturday 7, 9
Weekdays 4, 7, 9
KRN NORTON
DRUM
JERUSALEM
3rd week
HARRA STREISAND
KRIS KUNTOWFERNON
A STAR IS BORN
7, 9.15
MITCHELL
8th week
Saturday night 7, 9.30
Weekdays 6.45, 9.15
Wide, nt 4.00
ROCKY
starring
SYLVESTER STALLONE
ORGIL Tel. 234170
3rd week
URI ZOHAR
OILA ALMAOOR
GABI AMRANI
**SAVE THE
LIFEGUARD**
ORNA Tel. 224788
JACK WESTON
LITA MORENO
in a hilarious comedy
THE RITZ
ORION Tel. 222014
3rd week
4—6—9
BUD SPENCER
TERRENCE HILL
In the best comedy
of the year!
CRIME BUSTERS
No complimentary tickets
or reductions
RON Tel. 284704
10th week
FUNNY PEOPLE
The comedy of comedies
4—7—9
SEMADAR
11th week
WOODY ALLEN
in
ANNIE HALL
7—9.30

Ramat Gan Cinemas
Commencing Saturday, October 9, 1977
ARMON Tel. 720706
11th week
**THE SPY WHO
LOVED ME**
4, 7, 9.30
OASIS
3rd week
URI ZOHAR
GABI AMRANI
OILA ALMAOOR
**SAVE THE
LIFEGUARD**
LILI
7, 9.30
JACK LEMMON
WALTER MATTHAU
**THE FORTUNE
COOKIE**
BILLY WILDER
ORDEA Tel. 721720
11th week
The Comedy of Comedies
FUNNY PEOPLE
4, 7.15, 9.30
RAMA Tel. 721912
MY MICHAEL
7.15, 9.30
Sun., Wed.
also at 4.30
RAMAT GAN
3rd week
7.15, 9.30
Together with Tel Aviv
Cinema, Tel. Aviv
**CRIME
BUSTERS**
No invitations, nor reductions
Netanya
ESTHER
**FUNNY
PEOPLE**
Sat., 5—7—9.15
Weekdays, 4.30—7—9.15
HADAR Tel. 723822
**UN ELEPHANT
CA TROMPE**
7.15, 9.30
Herzliya
DAVID Tel. 084021
3rd week
URI ZOHAR
OILA ALMAOOR
GABI AMRANI
**SAVE THE
LIFEGUARD**
TIFERET
**SAMMY FREY
NEA**
7.15, 9.30
Petah Tikva
SHALOM
**L'ALE OU LA
CUISSÉ**
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
All week 9.30, 7.15, 9.15
Mon. 4.30, 9.15
INDIAN FILM at 8.15
Netanya
ESTHER
**FUNNY
PEOPLE**
Sat., 5—7—9.15
Weekdays, 4.30—7—9.15

FILMS IN BRIEF
(Continued from page 4)
THE FORTUNE COOKIE — Comedy directed by Billy Wilder with Jack Lemmon as a TV photographer who gets knocked unconscious in the process of covering a football game.
THE INCREDIBLE SARAH — Free portrayal of the early life of famous French actress Sarah Bernhardt. Lavish settings, well-known cast, and an overpowering Glenda Jackson.
I WILL, I WILL... FOR NOW — Farce comedy. Mushy. With Elliott Gould and Diane Keaton.
KING-KONG — Italian producer Dino De Laurentiis' \$25 million "new improved" American remake of 1933 King Kong monster opo-epic has some spectacular effects but fails to capture the barbaric simplicity of the authentic Kong.
NICKELODEON — About the birth of the multi-million dollar movie industry. Set in 1910 when for a nickel one could enjoy the Nickelodeon — silent film with live piano accompaniment. Directed by Peter Bogdanovich. Stars Ryan O'Neal, Brian Keith and Burt Reynolds.
OPERATION THUNDERBOLT — The Israeli-made film of the Entebbe rescue mission directed by Menahem Golan. This one stars real Israelis including some familiar ex-Cabinet faces. Fast paced and more convincing than the previous versions.
ROCKY — Made with a rockbottom budget of \$1m. and written in three days by Sylvester Stallone — who also stars in the title-role — the film became an Academy Award winner for best picture, best director. The story of an impoverished, once-third-rate boxer who succeeds and gets to play the world heavyweight champion porolloo Sylvester's own life story.
THE STRONGEST MAN IN THE WORLD — Walt Disney comedy about two college students who channel their energies into conquering up a strength-formula, with Kurt Russell in the title role.
STUNTS — Nerve-rattling suspense thriller in which daredevils perform dangerous acrobatics: Dangle out of helicopters, catapult cars with dynamite cannon, fall from 100-ft. high grain elevator etc. etc. Gornished with murder intrigue plot.
TOERS DON'T OBY — The ailing President of Gambia is kidnapped from a South African Hospital by a male nurse, while a Russian agent is out to assassinate him. Exciting and hides the curiosity, but suffers from lapses of sentimentality and absurdity.
THE TWELVE CHAIRS — Mel Brooks' adventure comedy set in 18th Russia against a background of post-revolutionary chaos. With Mel Brooks, Ron Moody, Dom DeLuise and others.

Looking into the movie industry in "Nickelodeon" are Ryan O'Neal, Brian Keith and Burt Reynolds.

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

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The Week's TV/Radio Highlights

OCTOBER 7 - OCTOBER 13

FRIDAY



Natan Alterman
Army, 20.05

SATURDAY



Nathan Kandi
Army, 20.05

SUNDAY



Bruno Walter
Radio, 21.45

MONDAY



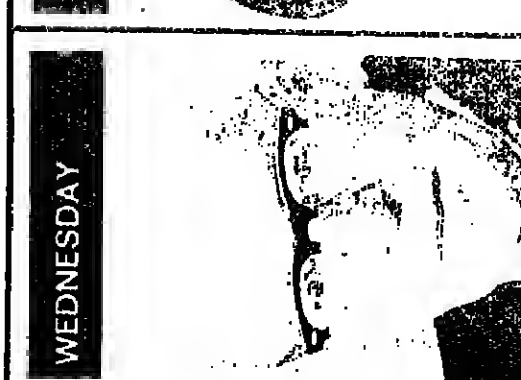
Uri Averbach
TV, 22.30

TUESDAY



Yehuda Ben-Zur
Radio, 21.45

WEDNESDAY



Paul Ben-Haim
Radio, 21.45

THURSDAY



David Ben-Gurion
TV, 21.45

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How to stretch space

Catherine Rosenheimer

ONCE upon a time, built-in wardrobes, fitted kitchens and American style walk-in closets were considered the ultimate in luxury in Israeli homes. These days, many new flats come complete with such amenities; and there is also a very wide range of local and imported modular cupboard and storage systems which can be adapted to fit any space, thus eliminating the need for made-to-measure cupboards. Very often, however, the internal fittings of even the best quality and most expensive cupboard systems fail to exploit their storage potential to the full.

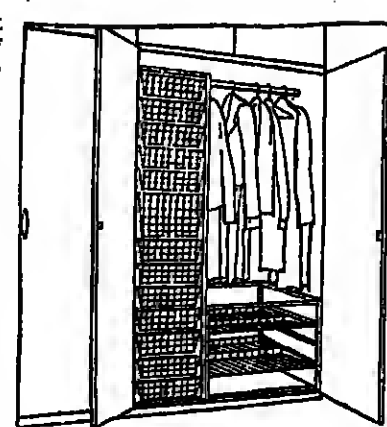
Recently introduced here is the Elfa Space-Galner System, from Sweden, a very adaptable range of epoxy-coated wire trays on runners or free-standing frames which can be used inside existing cupboards to "stretch" storage space by making every inch accessible and functional. They can also be used in a storeroom, as fittings for a walk-in closet or topped by a working surface — to provide a relatively inexpensive desk and filing system (about IL1,300 for a nine-drawer arrangement).

All the wire trays and shelves are modular, all 55cm. deep, with widths of 25.5, 35.5, 45.5, or 55.5cm. To fit a wider cupboard or niche, two sets of frames can be used side by side. The heights of the slide-

out wire trays range from flat shelves up to the largest ones of 38.5 cm. for storing heavy blankets, or for vegetables inside a kitchen cupboard. There are also special angled, shallow racks for storing shoes or wine bottles in the lower part of a cupboard.

SCANTEK AGENCIES, who have been importing the system for the past six months, will give free plans and estimates to suit individual needs. They market the trays and other parts from their shop at 291 Rehov Dizengoff, Tel Aviv (tel. 4621940), through a number of stockists in Jerusalem, Haifa and Tel Aviv, and also in conjunction with Zedra folding doors who have branches in Haifa and Jerusalem.

If you have an empty niche in your apartment, it can be put to good practical use by fitting it out with Elfa drawer racks (they can



also be combined with hanging space) and by closing off the front with a sliding door, or even a curtain. Although the system is not cheap, it is very reasonable compared to the cost of new cupboards, or even of carpenter-made shelves and drawers in

walk-in closets.

If you are building, rebuilding or renovating, a good economical solution to the problem of cupboard space is to plan a niche especially for the purpose. The smallest drawers start at IL188; the largest size cost IL188. A four-drawer arrangement with coated steel frame comes to about IL500.

If you are using the system to slide a niche with side walls, or an existing cupboard, you require only side runners, and not a complete frame.

The cost of fully equipping an average-sized walk-in closet can run anywhere between IL1,500 and IL2,000, which may sound pricey but compares well with fitted cupboards. A recent market survey I made revealed that, for a carpenter-made, full height built-in wardrobe less than a metre in width, the going price is IL3,000.

JERUSALEM

The World of Artist Michael Ende in a Jerusalem Setting

By NOAH HALPERIN



Michael Ende among his works

With the Jerusalem hills all round, you are presented with a canvas no less enchanting — an exhibition of silver and gold religious articles. All the work of young artist Michael Ende. Michael Ende has developed a very original style, a daring expression of the period and spirit of the times. His style is basically traditional Jewish. All his work is an expression of holiness, power and mysticism. The style of the exhibited articles is an interesting blend of European and Eastern Mediterranean Jewish art — an authentic mixture of the temple and the sacred, expressed in art form. Michael Ende's art creates a window through which the spirit of Judaism — Torah, scrolls, the Jew wearing a prayer shawl, the cantor, the synagogue — is captured in articles of silver and gold. On entering Ende's work room, you feel you have entered a holy temple. The message of the articles standing in the room reaches you clearly. It is not surprising, therefore, that many visitors are found in the Michael Ende exhibition at the Jerusalem House of Quality (12 Doreah Street). Who does not like to see the work of a real artist? — works which leave you astonished, wondering at the cunning of the hands of the young Michael Ende and his gold and silver holy articles. His recent successful exhibition has just ended. (Advt.)

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IN THE OLD CITY OR IN THE NEW THE JERUSALEM POST

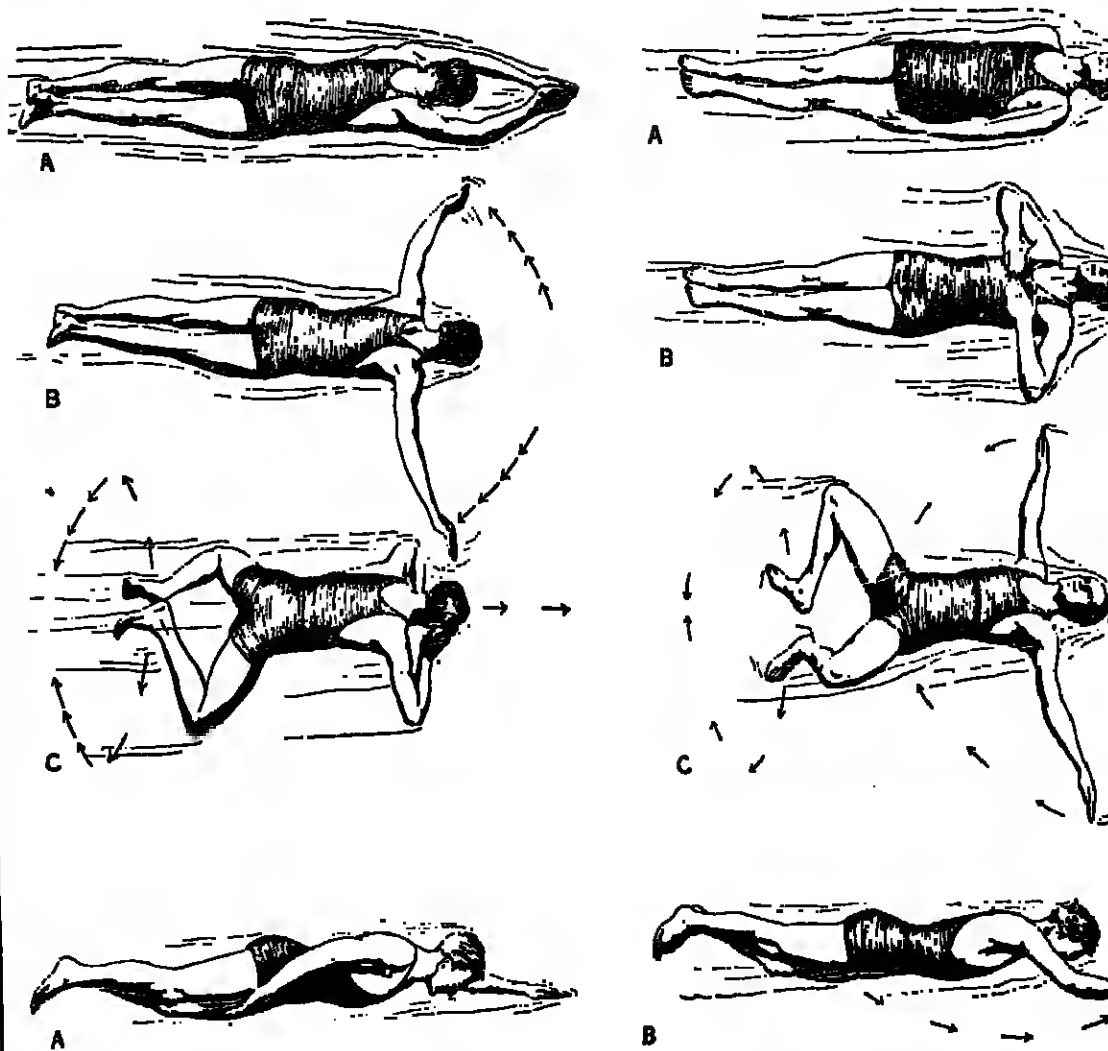
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STROKING STYLES



A FRIEND asked me, a few weeks ago, if I would teach her to swim. I said yes, of course, secure in the knowledge that it would be some time before we managed to meet at some pool. Anyway, the holidays are over and only about one or two months of beautiful weather remain. Many pools are therefore closing, and people act as though they may soon freeze over.

But I was ready to offer what help I could. Considering the number of veteran Tel Avivians who grew up near the seashore and yet can barely keep afloat, any form of encouragement would probably be useful.

Then the worrying thought struck: Whether Swimming? Much water has gone under the bridge since I first learned my smooth and powerful crawl, then called Australian but in this permissive age known as free style. Much has changed since I mastered my ballet-like breaststroke, which moves in a stately, uncompetitive, elegant glide. Or my colourful Ur-glide, butterfly, delicate and harmless, stirring barely a ripple.

This mellow kind of swimming, in other words, bears about the same relation to today's feverishly analysed, technologically improved, hydro-mechanically engineered styling as a fine Spencerian script does to the electric typewriter. And so, I wondered, ought one to pass on outdated swimming methods? Is it morally and philosophically right to perpetuate, say, a scissor-kick that has had its day?

THE ANSWER is, yes. I arrived at it after some mini-research which revealed the unsurprising conclusion that all the progress in all the world's pools has just one aim: speed. Yet for private sport and personal fun, the ancient ways are probably just as good, if not better, than the studies in bio-physics which lead to shattered records (by hundreds of a second) and monomaniacal in-over-trained champions.

My Bibliography and Sources, totally incomplete, included Josef Teledi's handbook on swimming published by the Wingate Sports Centre; Jimmy, one of the lieutenants and instructors at the Sharon Hotel pool in Herzliya; Narda, a high-school senior who was a swimmer, has swum since she was three, and is a part-time instructor at the Kiryat Ono pool; an office colleague who was an enthusiastic sportsman in pre-war Central Europe; and some tables of statistics of Olympic swimming records which afforded me many hours of pleasure.

(The poor records chalked up at this year's Maccabiah were, I thought, encouraging in the extreme. At least the participants had enough sense not to spend hours thrashing up and down in the water in order some fine day to shave .008 seconds off some record; perhaps they attended to their studies instead — though I am probably just dreaming.)

This is not to say that you shouldn't have what is called "good form." But if you can do the 100-metre free style the way Alfred Hajos of Hungary did it, in 1:22.2, when he won the 1896 Olympics, that may be better than doing it in 48.44, the 1976 world record of the super-trained. (A news-worthy Israeli result last week was a hearteningly unexpected 54.15.) The experts (those who keep up with the new pool designs that absorb the backwash waves that so tragically slow down competitors) predict that by

1980 the record may go down to 49. Think of the millions of hours of training that will go into those saved forty-four hundredths of a second!

IN AMERICA, where champions are produced in early adolescence, children have been trained out on the crawl, via the "dog-paddle," for many decades. "This stroke — arms alternating out of the water, stretching forward, then pulling down for propulsion while the legs kick, to describe it grossly — is considered the most "natural" of all, and is more or less what children and puppies do when tossed into the water, though down the years it has been refined and dissected in terms of kicking per arm stroke, rhythm of breathing, elbow and palm movement. But the style is perfectly suitable for small children, who have the energy for it. Later on, when they grow lazy and mature, there is plenty of time for the contemplative breaststroke, which is good to know in any case as the least demanding for long distances or when you are in trouble. (The breaststroke has been described as "famine," compared to the masculine crawl, and the even more masculine, if not downright schvitzzy, butterfly-dolphin.)

When I asked Jimmy, at the Sharon, why so many Israelis attack the breaststroke, he thought for a moment and then suggested that Germans might like it because it is "more orderly." And, of course, early training is hard to shake off. Another reason — we are dealing now with the ancient, or pre-1980, breaststroke, with the head staying out of the water, the neck arched not airily comfortably, and the breathing as on land — is

Helga Dudman

that it keeps water out of the nose, leaves the hair dry, and permits an uninterrupted flow of talk. And in Israel this may be a crucial advantage.

"I have heard women bobbing around in the pool deep in conversation about mayonnaise salad," Jimmy told me. Another informant once followed two women, gracefully breaststroking down a local pool, discussing their drosomaker. If we are thus unfairly into the feminine mystique, another reason for the popularity of what was called the "orthodox" breaststroke is that it permits a woman to keep her hair dry, and shower caps are worn.

While on this crucial problem — with all the incredible progress the world has seen this century, a really waterproof cap is not among them. You can go to the moon, but you can't keep your ends dry if you dive. What the best of the caps do is keep the water snugly in place against your ear. I have been fated with all sorts of attempts, including chamomile-cloth bands and British improvisations: those don't even keep the oh-so-attached strap attached.

ONE OF JIMMY'S tough cases, he told me, involved an overweight woman who had tried "every pool and every teacher in the country" and still couldn't swim. She came to Jimmy one desperate Friday afternoon and, to her surprise, he started her right out on the crawl (she had previously failed with the breaststroke). It worked, and now she swims. I didn't get Jimmy to draw me diagrams on this one, but he accepted his assurance that

every case is different and must be "sized up."

In the breaststroke, I learned, about 70 per cent of the forward power comes from the legs; with the crawl, about 70 per cent comes from the arms. In the fancy new improvements devised by the Russians for their "jet breaststroke," the ratio of leg to arm power has been modified down to 65:35 per cent. What a rewarding career it must be, to spend one's days measuring these interesting parameters!

Here is a description of the "orthodox" breaststroke, from an ancient (1949) Encyclopaedia Britannica: "Arms start their drive from full extension in front, hands close together on the surface, palms down, and propel by pressing down and outward at an angle of about 80 degrees on reaching shoulder line; then elbows are brought to sides, hands to chest, again palms down, and arms shot forward, underwater to original position. Leg frog kick is performed by drawing up legs in manner somewhat like that of squatting, knees apart, feet close and pointed; feet are turned outward and, with a continuous sweep, legs are kicked vigorously back and out to an angle of about 90 degrees and snapped sharply together. Closing movement occurs as arms shoot forward in recovery; after the kick, body glides motionless for a brief spell forming a straight line from hands to pointed toes."

All clear? This is the way Byron swam across the Hellespont 187 years ago last May; it is certainly the best for life-saving and, as the Br. puts it, for soldiers with heavy packs: "enable one to advance safely, head up, through waters littered with floatam or workout."

weekago," which is not really the case: In Israeli pools. For people who don't spend hours daily in the water, the movements are probably the easiest to learn. Jimmy and Narda both told me that, with all the things to remember in the improved crawl — wrist turnings, breath count, leg kicks and so on — you have your mind full.

THE BYRONIC form described above, though, does not take into account the improvements already felt in Central Europe in the early '30s — shorter, more rapid arm movements, and a quicker scissors-kick, in place of the Austro-Hungarian prototype which, while noble, was slower and involved water resistance. Breathing, in the old days, was optional — that is, the head could remain above water, or else lifted to inhale and dipped to exhale. For some reason, I was taught that you had to exhale through the nose — in haling, of course, only through the mouth; now it turns out that this is not so at all, and you exhale through both apertures.

Now, the breaststroke heget the butterfly and the butterfly begat the dolphin...but we are not going to get into all that. For after all, now that the holidays are behind us, leaving only two months of what would be considered mild weather in most other countries, the pools are closed. Which leaves the sea. But nobody who is anybody would think of swimming in the sea any more. Too nasty and dirty. Progress has taken dramatic chunks out of the speed records: it took Lucy Morton of Great Britain 8:33.2 to win the 200-metre breaststroke in 1924, while Sharon Wichman of the U.S. did it in 2:44.4 44 years later. But that same progress has also devastated the beaches.

But it has also certainly spread opportunities for swimming in this country, though I hope the trend now does not emphasize the engineering of "champions." Better, I should think, 500,000 Israelis who can do 200 metres in, let's say, 4:44.4 than three who can do it in 2:55.555, and at great public expense.

IT IS, after all, a very good sport by far the most "natural" in terms of rhythm and movement, and the one you can go on doing even when you can barely walk. It's also the sport in which records are broken by the very young — but once again, that takes so much time as to be a bit idiotic.

Narda, the 18-year-old instructor: "I've heard kids of 12 say they've 'retired' from competitive swimming because they haven't time for the training." She loves the sport for the sound reason that "in our summer climate, it's certainly the most pleasant. Everything else is so sticky! And with a group there can be a wonderful atmosphere."

I must confess that I find it boring to go tooling back and forth, back and forth, from one end of the pool to the other, the only occasional spurt of interest being when you bump into somebody. But this, no doubt, happens when you do it infrequently and worry about your hair. Perhaps the most inspiring thing at the Sharon was the sight of the hotel's outgoing manager, Janos Damon (who is now at the Dan Ohai, with a choice of five pools), doing 50 — count 'em, 50 — lengths in an earnest, indomitable Austro-Hungarian breaststroke. He told me that he starts every February with about five lengths, works up to 50 by April, and couldn't put in a 100-metre without this regular littard with floatam or workout.

הגזא מן האל

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1977

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

PAGE ELEVEN

Man of property

THE MAN WHO BOUGHT HIMSELF: The Story of Peter Sili by Peggy Mann and Vivian Siegel. New York: Macmillan Publishing Co. 216 pp. \$7.95.

Evelyn Strouse

THE KEY to the problem of this book may lie in the bibliography, a roster of more than 80 items which fill four pages. Peggy Mann and Vivian Siegel have got hold of a story, one of thousands, about a courageous, high-principled slave — the man of the title, who bought himself — and tricked it out with imaginary conversations and honest-to-goodness 19th-century documents, but have failed to bring it to life.

Admittedly it is difficult, after more than 100 years and universal acceptance of the horror of slavery, to cast a fresh eye on a

tale told so often. If it is to be told yet again it needs another dimension. Perhaps the vast bibliography represents an effort to supply the terrible urgency that William Styron and Howard Fast gave to their very different novels about slavery. However, except for the fact that the fortunes of the three Jewish brothers from whom Peter Sili bought his freedom are followed in some detail, all the documentation goes for naught.

THE STORY begins poignantly enough, with two little boys, five and eight years old, lured from their New Jersey cabin by a white man with a commission from a southern slave-owner. But we know about these things; the difficulty is to give our knowledge or compassion, as it were, to shoo it out of the learned historical context into a force that terrorizes or tempts or at the very least drives us to continue to read.

This does not happen. The story proceeds predictably: young Peter, who is not only the hero but essentially the only character in the book, spends more than 40 years of his life as the property of half-a-dozen white men of varying degrees of brutality. On the whole, he is not handled badly — forgetting for a moment that "handing" refers to chattel — and his one severe beating is at the hands of an overseer, not a master.

Everybody seems to like him; we are told that he is handsome and bright and mannerly, but none of these attributes ever manifests itself as an aspect of the person whom we are reading about. Appalling physical violence is described, but we do not really witness it because it is inflicted on people as shadowy as characters in a newspaper.

In due course, Peter grows to manhood, marries, and has children, some of whom die in the detached manner of transients encountered for a moment and forgotten. When he is 35, he conceives the idea, planted long before by a story a black cook told

him, of buying his freedom; about a third of the book is devoted to his efforts towards this end.

It takes a great deal of creative skill, when the outcome of a situation is known, to maintain interest and suspense; in this case, the 15 years that elapse between the formulation of the plan and its achievement seem longer, not because of indignities or setbacks but because the recital of chores and bookkeeping and incidental legalities turns each year into a decade.

WHEN THE lifelong slave walks out of the house of Joseph Friedman, the Jewish storekeeper who has sold Peter to himself, he feels nothing. But Joseph Friedman "had tears in his eyes." I must admit that I kept waiting for Mr. Friedman to hand back to Peter his \$500 worth of freedom money, but that is sentiment, not history.

With only a few coins in his pocket, then, Peter piles his way north to find his family and, by a coincidence so unlikely it can only be true, runs into his brother in an anti-slavery office. Peter's family, it turns out, is literate and

successful; eventually, he is reunited with his aged mother in a scene that does bring tears to the eyes.

The story must come full circle. Peter refuses to leave his wife and sons and daughter in slavery; however, their freedom will cost \$5,000 — 10 times what he paid for his own. Disheartened but not dismayed, he sets out to amass the fortune, and the final chapters of the book are devoted to his money-raising tour of New England, where notables such as Horace Greeley and Harriet Beecher Stowe, not to mention scores of others whose names have not survived, give substance to his vision.

But once the money is in the slave-owner's pocket, there is no certainty that he will honour his commitment, and Peter waits on the dock in Cincinnati, inwardly bitter cold, daring neither to hope nor to despair. When at last his wife and children appear, they are taken by Peter and Levi Friedman, Joseph's brother, to Levi's warm and welcoming house. And we leave them sitting at the breakfast table. □

The disinherited

THE CRISIS OF THE ARAB INTELLECTUAL: Traditionalism or Historicism? by Abdallah Laroui. Translated from the French by Diormid Cammell. Berkeley: University of California Press, 180 pp. \$12.

Nissim Rejwan

WRITING SOME 15 years ago, Professor Hishom Sharabi summed up the intellectual crisis of the younger Arab generation in terms of three main features: "psychological uprootedness, loss of moral and religious certainties, and national drift." Himself an intellectual and an Arab, Sharabi said "uprootedness" did not refer to "the Levantine type of Arab who is found in all large cities and towns from Beirut to Tangiers and to whom cultural and psychological uprootedness is a normal state of being, but to the entire literate Arab generation that has come into manhood in the mid-20th century to find itself disinherited in a world providing no values or certainties that are not relative or contingent."

Sharabi is a Palestinian and a

political scientist. Professor Abdallah Laroui is a Moroccan and a teacher of history, who believes that to understand the historical process is to understand both oneself and others in a temporal perspective. So far, he writes, the concept of history has been peripheral to all the ideologies that have dominated the Arab world.

To the extent, therefore, that Arab intellectuals have a non-revolutionary conception of reality — a conception which places no stress on an understanding of the historical process — "oil collective action in the Arab milieu (will) be deprived of a consistent and definite orientation," and politics will be "reduced to the level of short-sighted tactical manoeuvring subservient to egotistical interests."

THE AUTHOR, described in the publishers' blurb as "an independent nationalist inclined toward modified Marxism," sums up his position in these words:

"A society that rejects its present, that lacks homogeneity, that feels itself to be different from those cultures that appear to be in

the ascendant, will rediscover historicism as the theoretical justification for its course of action, sometimes in the guise of Marxism."

Laroui's opposition of historicism tends to cause a certain confusion, but in the course of his expose he manages to make the distinction quite clear. Arab intellectuals, he argues, think according to two rationales.

"Most of them profess the traditionalist rationale (*salafi*) the rest profess eclecticism (*islamiyya*). Together, these tendencies succeed in abolishing the historical dimension." The great majority of Arab intellectuals today lean toward *islamiyya* and "what is even stranger, believe they enjoy complete freedom to appropriate the best among the cultural products of others: the freedom of a Stoic slave!"

Laroui's alternative to these two modes of thinking is strict submission to the discipline of historical thought and acceptance of all its assumptions. These are, in brief, "truth as process, the positivity of the event, the mutual determination of facts, the responsibility of the agent... the existence of laws of historical development, the unity of the meaning of history, the transmissibility of acquired

knowledge, and the effectivity of the intellectual's and the politician's role."

THE AUTHOR, then, advocates an almost total break both with traditionalism and with selective Westernization, the former on the ground that it means "medievalization," the latter because it leads to alienation.

He admits, however, that to abandon *salafiyya* and to surpass the limits of what he calls "justificatory nationalism" would prove a rather arduous task. And it is interesting that among the "outside obstacles" to this goal, he gives priority of place to "the Arab problem par excellence, that of Palestine."

The Palestine problem, Laroui explains, has had the effect of reinforcing traditionalism in the Arab world, first ideologically, then politically. How was this done? First, by the "political utilization of the very existence of proof that modern science and religious nationalism can coexist."

To those who, like Laroui himself, maintained that modern science is intimately linked to democracy, secularism, historical thinking, etc., the traditionalists replied: "Look around you. Don't you see that the Zionists have constructed a

system in which technology, militarism, and religious and cultural nationalism mutually strengthen one another?"

The author rejects this argument on this ground that the traditionalist "often confuses appearance and reality, namely, what the Zionists believe themselves to be and what they are." More interesting, he seems to be convinced that the effects of the Palestine problem are not all negative from the Arabs' point of view. Because of its complexities and "objective contradictions," he argues, the problem of Palestine "is allowing the Arabs, while demanding much of them, to become truly conscious of history. Each one of us must applaud this awakening and see to it that it does not come to naught."

Full of interesting thoughts and ideas as it is — there is a long, highly instructive chapter containing a critique of the works of the late Orientalist, Gustave von Grunbaum — Professor Laroui's book is weak on the side of documentation. The sources he quotes are mostly Western, plus a few of the best-known Arab intellectuals who write only in Arabic. A serious shortcoming is the absence of an index, which in a work of this kind is unforgivable. □

Founding fathers

THE AMERICANIZATION OF THE SYNAGOGUE 1820-1870 by Dr. Leon A. Jick. Brandeis University Press, University Press of New England, 247 pp. \$12.50.

Israel Margalith

IN THIS STUDY dealing with the American Synagogue, Dr. Leon Jick describes and analyses the emergence, growth and crystallization of the Reform Movement on the American scene during the half century, 1820-70. This period in American Jewish history is usually known as the era of German Jewish immigration, although in reality it was far from a homogeneous phenomenon. About 200,000 Jews came to the

United States from Germany and Central Europe during this time. Their rapid ascent, followed by their acculturation in the American environment, was generally explained by their previous westernization and their links with German culture and ways of life.

ON THESE ASSUMPTIONS, their connections with and in relation to the Reform Movement in Judaism, which appeared in Germany in the first half of the 19th century, was self-explanatory.

Dr. Jick, one of the leading scholars in Judaic studies at Brandeis University, questions this view after a thorough examination of a wealth of primary

sources of this period, diaries, letters, pamphlets and especially minutes of meetings of various congregations.

Dr. Jick states that because the first Jewish immigrants from Germany came from villages and small towns, they were not affected by the German Reform Movement but rather had an Orthodox background without any strong links with German culture. They also had poor Jewish educational assets.

The transition towards any type of innovation in the synagogue took some decades, and even then they were ready to accept only limited changes in decorum and liturgy — not in line with the German Reform but in a synthesis with the American ways and social standards.

The true beginnings of Reform in the U.S. were covered up in official histories of several "glamorous" congregations which, because of "the elegant life

style they eventually achieved, led them to accept the myth that they had always been prosperous, cultivated, wealthy and 'Reform'."

This myth, for example, overlooked the very modest beginnings of the later prestigious Temple Emanuel in New York City.

TRACING AND ANALYSING the background and rabbinical credentials of Isaac Leeser and Isaac Meyer Wise, two leaders of the American Synagogue during the German period, Dr. Jick organizes an approach and their religious pragmatism.

His casts doubt on I.M. Wise's rabbinical and doctoral credentials — which are based only on his own published reminiscences. Rabbi Wise's impact on the American Reform Movement can be explained by his creativity, subtle pragmatism and his understanding of the needs for Americanization.

tion in the emerging prosperous synagogue of the sixties.

By 1870, there were few congregations in which substantial reforms had not been introduced and in which an accelerating programme of radical revision was not in process. But this, according to Dr. Jick, was primarily an American phenomenon, generated not only by social and economic status but by the "degree of homogeneity and acculturation" achieved.

The great waves of East European Jews who came after 1881 "transformed the confident Reform majority into a defensive minority."

Dr. Jick's study is a valid and innovative contribution to the history of the Jewish community in the 19th century. It also helps one to understand the present three-denominational pattern of the synagogue, a genuine religious phenomenon in America. □

WRITING ON the experience of being a child is, of course, something an adult does from the outside, looking in. This, the world from a child's eye view, is one place where angels should fear to tread, which is no doubt why so many fools do rush in.

The fact is that it's confoundedly hard to know what goes on in those mysterious little minds, and so often as not we give the wrong interpretation to a child's outward behaviour — to manifestations of joy, fear, anxiety ("I wasn't worried you'd die in hospital, mummy. I was afraid you'd gone to fetch a new baby!").

Still, I suppose it's reasonably safe to say that one of childhood's problems is, simply, not being big enough, strong, tall, old enough — or having "hand enough," as in the title poem of *Lo Hasepeka Li Hayad* (על חוסר כוח) (Ramat Gan, Massada, 33 pp.) by Remy Samsonov, illustrated by Lydia Barak.

Neither fool nor angel, Ms. Samsonov ventures in very carefully, and the result is a collection of quiet, understated poems about such things as painting pictures on the walls of Uncle's garage without Uncle's permission: *Pity I didn't ask*.

Though I'm sure he'd have said "no" all right. He thinks the prettiest colour is greyish white.

Others are about going to bed with your toy-dog, which is not a disgrace; going down into the cellar, which is not scary, even though it's a comfort to know you can get out any time you want, and maybe it'd better be now because mummy is surely missing you already; about not being tall enough to hold the umbrella for you and mummy to walk under together; and, finally, about lullabies, which are songs you never get to the end of, because you fall asleep in the middle.

Lydia Barak has done perfect justice to these poems with pictures that, like them, are childlike without being corny.

Remy Samsonov, by the way, is not a children's author but a singer by profession. For all the difficulty of guess-

Children's books



One of Alona Frankel's drawings for 'Shalom Lach Parat Moshe Rabenu.'

Miriam Arad

ing what goes on in a tot's brain, observation and empathy do go some way. Tirza Atar, who died recently under such tragic circumstances, confined herself to just that: watching her six-year-old try to cope with the great new world of *Kita Alef* — *Ima Holachet Lakita Alef* (חמשה עשר חמשה עשר) (Hankibutz Hamehuda, 31 pp., drawings by Michal Efrat).

Though the "I" of these poems is the First Grade heroine, Yael, the mother-poetess hasn't quite left her own feelings out of it: her pride mingled with sadness at such tangible evidence of her child's growing up — and away; her irritation at the inabilities of the primor — or Yael's: she is fairly fed up with those.

everlasting Dana's and Rama's doing nothing all day but getting up and going to bed again.

Kita Alef also means the difficulty of fitting your big words to the skimpy space allotted in the exercise book; the loneliness of the playground before you have found yourself a Best Friend; and the marvel of a whole new world opening up — a world of signposts, street-names, labels, providing the vital information that this here is a Restaurant, that a k-o-n-o-a, and that there a m-a-k-o-l-e-l.

A delightful touch on the illustrator's part is making her drawings on *kita-olef* lined exercise-book pages.

Written in Hillel's usual comic, sophisticated mixture of rich vocabulary and slang — words like *zevel*, *lehsa*, *mefutsah* — this

Vehtanin Hagadol (התנ"ך הגדול) is a collection of poems, a story, and nonsense-riddles. Know, for instance, what's "most ugly"? — *Tet Aviv*, Tamuz, 19 pp. But it works famously for all that: the little bird called *Tsif-tseif* (*hoplopterus spinosus*) to you — hops into the crocodile's mouth when he's had his dinner, and makes her own dinner from the pickings of his teeth. It's a happy arrangement, whereby she needn't get up early to catch worms, and he is saved a fortune in dentist's fees.

One day, however, *Tsif* overlooks a scrap in one of Croc's molars, the molar goes black and has to come out, and all the forest animals pull and pull and pull, but —

What this amounts to is, needless to say, an animal picture book. It is well translated (by whom? It doesn't say), and vivid in greens, reds, yellows, and everything in between. The pictures are funny: Croc with the, typical toothache sufferer's face, or the confused jangle of animals tumbling in a heap after having extorted the tooth. If you insist on a moral for your four-toe-sker, it's there too: brush your teeth, or else.

THE EXCUSE for another animal picture book is good enough: Didi Vidvay (דידי ודידי) by Anna Pugh (Fred's Friends, Tel Aviv, Tamuz, 28 pp.). One day the zookeeper gets up very tired and realizes he badly needs a holiday, whereupon the animals take over for a couple of weeks to do their own zookeeping, and all would be well if it weren't for the limping — and again anonymous — rhymed translation, and the unluckily, crayon-coloured pictures.

THE TALE of a carpet mourning its lowly, trampled-on status is the highlight of the latest Avin Hillel: *Shalom Lach Parat Moshe Rabenu* (שלום לך משה רבנו) (Tel Aviv, Am Oved, illustrated by Alona Frankel, 23 pp.).

Written in Hillel's usual comic, sophisticated mixture of rich vocabulary and slang — words like *zevel*, *lehsa*, *mefutsah* — this

is a common folktale as much as a children's literature theme. In the following it's a lot of frogs who aren't: *Zeh Meshage'a Lihot Tsefarde'a* (זה משה'א ליהוט צעפרדע'א) (Ramat Gan, Massada, 26 pp.). These ones are sick of being so old the time, all over green, and above all the chameleons.

Along comes a kind dwarf and paints them a pretty shade of yellow, red, and lilac, and then along comes a hungry stork — and they can't hide in the grass any more. So they jump in the lake, and the colours come off, and thank heaven they're green again.

If ever I wanted someone to paint me a frog, I'd go to Mr. Frankel, he's lovely.

THE NINTH volume of Massada's youth encyclopedia, *Aviv* (אביב) is out, covering most of the "yud" — Yehuda to Jithro (edited by Yitzhak Levonon, pp.1719-1976). The editors' work is presumably made easier for them by the some publisher's *Encyclopaedia Hebraica*, though they've done a fair bit of updating — as well they might, seeing the *Hebraica* started in 1949 and isn't finished yet.

Barring captions, the *Aviv* encyclopaedia is fully vowel-pointed and richly, if somewhat technocratically, illustrated. Like its parent, the work is Judaism-oriented, occasionally to the point of provincialism. Personally I've found that at about the age children start wanting an encyclopaedia, they can be gently eased into an adult one, though in that case they'll need quite a bit of help. If you want them to do their own looking up, this may well tide them over the years between 10 and 14. □

Kyoto collective

THE COMMUNES OF JAPAN, The Kibbutz on the Other Side of the World by Zenzo Kusakari, Michael M. Steinbach and Moshé Matsuba. Imaichi-shi, The Japanese Commune Movement, 235 pp. \$5.

Kinue Weinstein

Starting with Ito-En, the main part of the book is devoted to a description of 14 of the more interesting communes. Combining history, statistics and first-hand accounts, the authors provide a comprehensive view of the Japanese communal movements in the first study on the subject to appear in English. Dr. Steinbach, a background chapter on Israeli kibbutzim, while Prof. Kusakari, of the Hokkaido University of Education, offers a sociological analysis of the commune movement in Japan. This authors use the term commune rather than kibbutz to highlight the fact that the life-style of the Japanese communes is not as collective as that of their Israeli counterparts.

Fortunate to have a natural environment which, aside from its great beauty, has provided them with all their needs, the Japanese have always felt humble in front of this abundance. The Western attitude towards nature, in contrast, seems to be that of a conqueror who subjugates the natural world for human convenience.

In the 1850s, the process of industrialization and modernization in Japan moved into high gear. According to Prof. Kusakari's

analysis, there is a moral aspect to the "rape of nature" and the destruction of rural society coming in the wake of rapid development, for "the terrible state of mind which feels no pain polluting and destroying nature can easily turn the blade against other human lives."

THE SEARCH for new interpersonal relationships has taken different forms. At Ito-En, for instance, the spirit of selfless service dominates. The appeal of this ideal is apparently fairly widespread, with outsiders periodically attending training sessions at the commune. Part of the training is to visit neighbouring homes with a rag and bucket to scrub out toilets. This exercise is used for its shock value as an experience in humiliation.

The neighbours are sometimes criticised for exploiting the trainees but, the authors claim, it can be argued that Ito-En is exploiting its neighbours. Ito-En, incidentally, is one of the more successful communes financially, with its main income coming from hydroponic vegetable growing and the raising of livestock. Families live separately, but the

commune has its own school system from kindergarten to junior college.

The cooperative spirit is emphasized most in the 10 communes affiliated with Yamagishima. Combining strict adherence to the tenets of collective living with a concern for individual fulfillment resembling the teaching of Zen, the Yamagishi communes have on the whole been models of success.

Prof. Kusakari describes the elements of their success by the following equation: Cooperativism = (20 per cent technique + 30 per cent management) x 50 per cent spirit. He uses the multiplication sign to stress the importance of spirit.

Not everyone can follow Yamagishima's strict discipline, however, and some of its members have broken away to form a commune that is more loosely organized.

At the other end of the ideological spectrum is a small anarchist commune formed as recently as 1972 and supported by a small but serious non-violent group in Osaka.

The heterogeneous commune movement includes a number of other interesting experiments. A famous novella, influenced by Tolstoy, founded Atarashiki-mura in 1918. Focusing on artistic endeavour, 80 per cent

of the members today are active in literature, music and painting. The artistic ideal, however, was not always financially rewarding, and the commune at times had to be supported by its novelist-founder.

Shinkyo, whose 60 members live and dine together, is involved in an unusual occupation for a commune. With the help of the authorities it maintains a dormitory for 120 mentally retarded children. During a visit to Shinkyo two years ago, I saw several children in the dining room carefully counting the tea cups as they set the tables. Mr. Ozaki, the leader, pointed out that it was a big achievement for them to place the correct number of cups, and that the commune is an ideal environment for retarded children because it enables them to work at their own level.

ENGLISH-SPEAKING people interested in the Japanese commune can visit Kimpu farm not far from Tokyo. The leader and his Irish wife are members of Service Civil International, a volunteer organization, and more visitors from abroad are more than welcome.

The book is available from the Japanese Commune Movement, 2088 Sakae-cho, Imaichi-shi, Toohighen, Japan. The price includes postage. □

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Proficiency examinations will take place on Monday, October 10, 1977 at 9.00 a.m. in the Kaplan Building, Hall A.

For further information contact the Summer Ulpian Office, 30211/570.

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Orientation meetings for new regular students from abroad will be held according to the following schedule:

The Faculty of Humanities — Sunday, October 16, 1977, 11.00 a.m., Canada Hall, Givat Ram.

The Faculty of Social Sciences — Sunday, October 16, 1977, 4.00 p.m., Canada Hall, Givat Ram.

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MAYDAY by Oliver Cunniff (Sphere Books, IL13.75). Grand mishmash of startling adventure in Greek islands with U.S. Air Force hero who flies plane in air battle, dives underwater to fight deadly fish and men, and on land dashes through labyrinth pursued by punting bounds. His quarry is Nazi war criminal whose post crimes and present drug smuggling by submarine he amazingly exposes, modestly aided by Italian buddy and gorgeous girl. Packed with action and laced with sneers in three languages. Originally published as *The Mediterranean Caper*.

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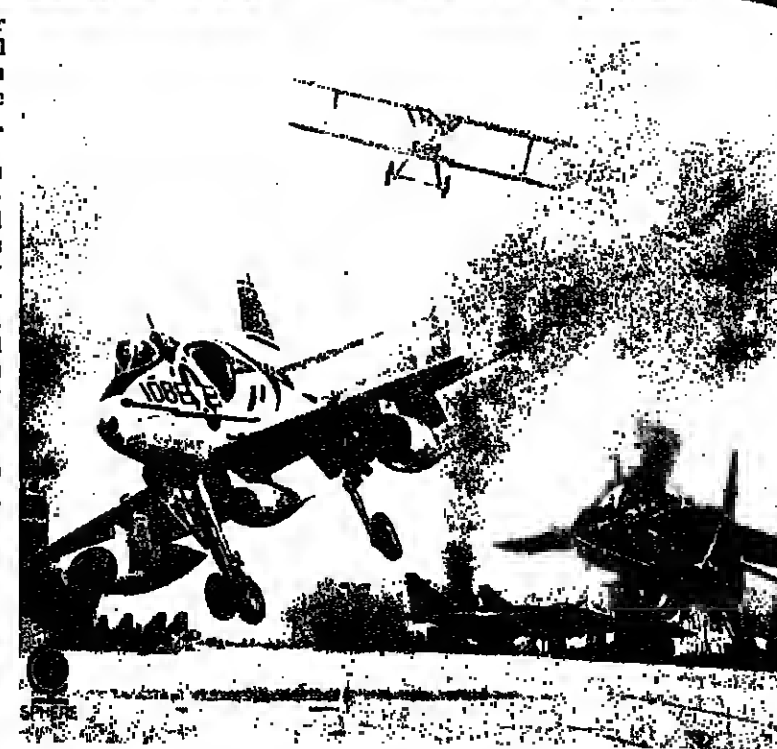
THE LONG DARK NIGHT by Joseph Hayes (Pan IL22.90). After eight years in prison for rape he never committed, newly released young prisoner now thoroughly debased by jail experience maniacally revisits small town to revenge judge, lawyer, police chief and couple who framed him. In one night he gets them all, including few innocent bystanders. But between lurid tortures and siren-screaming, the victims themselves flesh out own evil streaks, hypocrisies and cowardly self-delusions, far from convincingly chastened at the end. Sleek, synthetic, morbidly compulsive reading.

ARABESQUE by Theresa De Kerpely (Signet, IL35.50). Romantic novel written as memoirs of a woman who with her English diplomat husband lived it up in Europe during '30s and '40s. Their personal life hotly spiced by the ultra-lush decadence, aristocrats, earthy peasants and seething sexual mores of Budapest where soulful intellectual Hungarian poets and musicians give this soap opera a little more class. Gossipy, fudge-sundae reading.

COME LIVE MY LIFE by Robert H. Rimmer (Signet, IL35.50). Can you be a monogamist yet enjoy two wives? Yes. Just join a "loveXchange" described in this novel about two couples, one liberal Jewish economics professor and other millionaire WASP businessman who swap spouses sight unseen for two weeks and end as permanent four-some in and out of bed, mutual children included. Endless pseudo-scientific gab on sexual freedom, Ayn Rand and corporate family living, mostly carried on in bed, comfortable for talkers but mighty weary for reader. Native bunko with huge bibliography for those enthralled.

THE DOWNTOWN JEWS by Ronald Sanders (Signet, IL22.90). New pocket edition of Sanders' well-documented, highly readable story of how Russian Jewish immigrants to New York's Lower East Side in 1922 made it burgeoned out for Yiddish writing, theatre and labour movement.

Central figure is immigrant Abraham Cahan, who became journalist colleague of Lincoln



New paperbacks

Here are some best-selling paperbacks now available in local bookstores. Prices include V.A.T.

Jennie Tarabulus

Steffens, then made Yiddish language daily "Forward" pivot of secular Jewish cultural life. How Cahan separated his Russian intellectual identity from his Jewishness in America is almost tragic story of assimilation and alienation. Index, glossary, bibliography, photographs. B'nai B'rith Book Award winner.

WELCOME TO HARD TIMES by E.L. Doctorow (Pan Books, IL15.50). Originally called *Bad Man from Brodie*, this new paper edition of Doctorow's 1961 novel is a curiously morbid yet exciting story of settlers in Dakota Territory outpost. Imaginatively narrated by lawyer-settler who experiences total destruction of town by bad man who like a storm rebuilds of town, then second destruction by same vengeful outlaw. Shows futility of life made poignant by man's instinctive groping of it to ride headlong to his inevitable end. Very well written, early Doctorow.

FIFTH BUSINESS by Robertson Davies (Penguin, IL19.25). First of a trilogy, this confessional autobiography of a bachelor historian-scholar tells how his future and that of two childhood friends, now millionaire industrialist and famous magician, were shaped and intertwined by chance in small Calvinistic Canadian town. With gusto, insight, humour he unfolds their lives, seeing himself only as supporting actor, misfit devotee of hagiology, miracles, illusions, driven by childhood training in damnation until he sees beginning of wisdom is to forgive himself for being human. Wonderfully entertaining with mysterious, unexpected ending. An intellectual treat.

HELL IS ALWAYS TODAY by Jack Higgins (Arrow Books, IL15.20). Rainy cold nights bring out notorious Rainlover, a killer intent on strangling woman in slide-struts of Northern English city. Police suspect karate-expert sculptor and vicious cowardly pimp, but suddenly escaped out

burglar complicates hunt. Lotel local neighbourhood colour with fast chase in pouring rain abruptly ended by grandmother who assembly decides to halt the racket with her trusty double-barrelled shotgun. Nice, light entertainment by author of *The Eagle Has Landed*.

WWII by James Jones (Future Books, IL17.90). Very mellowed James Jones relives World War II 38 years after fighting it as 20-year-old soldier, reminding in avuncular fashion, assuming the title role of armchair general. Interesting review of journalists, photographers, cartoonists who recorded the big show for Allied and Axis powers. Emphasis on plain soldier who did dirty work without really knowing what was going on and was surprised only if he survived. Not original, but good, easy to read factual reference book of WWII with index and 16 pages of illustrations.

THE MANTICORE by Robertson Davies (Penguin, IL19.25). Second in trilogy, a young scion of wealthy Canadian industrialist dashes to Zurich for psychiatric help at Jung Institute, shocked by father's mysterious death. His recording of year's analysis is fascinating lesson in dream interpretation, process and dangers of learning about himself. Among highpoints his feeling Christ-like humiliation when rejected by Jewish father of girl he loved, and fateful encounter with father's two childhood friends. Conclusion is anti-hero had levels destinies, creating spiritual rumble while truly modern hero, willing to shudder, conquers inner struggles. Wordy, but intriguing.

WORLD OF WONDERS by Robertson Davies (Penguin, IL22.90). Famous magician starring in film being made in Switzerland spins out life's story when urged and provoked by Swadlow director, cameraman, and two intimates who know that he left religious Canadian home at 10 to join carnival. Not only enthralling tale of backstage showbiz and its creative egotists (whom parallel making of film, but revelation of satanic overtones behind making of illusions). Externally good, this last of trilogy like the others reads as separate novel. □

New barbarians

ENEMIES OF SOCIETY by Paul Johnson. London, Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 278 pp. £5.95.

Eric J. Frank

THIS IS a disturbing book. Its avowed aim is to shake us out of complacency or resignation. Of course, nobody in the last quarter of the 20th century can cherish the confident optimism that overspilt from the 19th and prevailed until World War I. Most open-eyed folk would agree that our civilization is sick; Paul Johnson tells us that it is being poisoned, shows us where to look for the poisoners and points out the direction in which health and progress are to be found.

"The essence of civilization is the orderly quest for truth," he writes. "So long as we follow the path of reason we shall not move far from the lighted circle of civilization. Its enemies invariably lie among those who ... deny, distort, minimize, exaggerate or poison the truth, and who feign the processes of reason."

We seem to be breathing the invigorating breeze of Victorianism. But most of the book consists of a relentless search for the enemies and a ruthless indictment of them.

Johnson begins with a longish historical survey of the rise of civilization, which, if not factually accurate at all points, is illuminating and necessary to his argument, culminating with the "Permanent Miracle" of the industrial revolution. Fundamentally anti-Marxist, he regards the middle class as the core of society and sees danger and decay in any system which tends to impoverish it or to weaken its influence. He is a whole-hearted admirer of J.M. Keynes, regarding him as the inventor of a new economic science and the architect of the prosperity enjoyed by the Western world from the 1920s until 1972.

MOST OF THE book, however, is an attack on the "enemies" of the title. First the ecologists, whose "visions are infested by Gothic

devils in the shape of mad scientists...engaged in horrible experiments which must end in the destruction of the human race... Ecologists are particularly suspect when they get hold of computers and produce horrible forecasts." Not that Johnson ignores the problem of pollution; but he maintains that the ecologists' remedy is much worse than useless.

Another target is Freudianism, especially as expounded in *Civilization and Its Discontents*, where Freud diagnosed a collective nervous breakdown. On this Johnson comments that "such an assertion has no meaning; one might just as well say that it (civilization) has a hernia or piles." Again, he reminds us that "the so-called 'Energy Crisis' was a crisis of policy, not of nature ...

The occasion was the Arab-Israeli war of 1973, but that this was merely a pretext is shown by the fact that the Iranians, who have no quarrel with Israel or the West, took the lead in insisting on massive increases ... another campaign by the ecology lobby succeeded in delaying the introduction of the vast new oil fields on the North Slope of Alaska. The fanatics ... brought down the West with both barrels."

From ecology we are led to irrational modes of thought, as displayed in the distortion of language. Starting with euphemism (Winston Churchill insisted on calling communal feeding centres "British Restaurants" on the ground that "everybody associates the word 'restaurant' with a good meal, and they may as well have the name if they cannot have anything else"), Johnson parades a grisly list: "A backward child is a late developer; a cripple is handicapped ... elums are substandard houses ... old people are senior citizens, or, worse, geriatrics."

Official and academic jargon is likewise appropriately castigated. "There is now a huge list of 'how-wow' words used by politicians, bureaucrats ... without much regard to their real meaning but for purposes of creating a general impression of knowledge, com-



petence and power. Thus: programming, divisive, counterproductive, bilateral, edumbrate, encapsulate, pragmatic, pervasive, abrasive, paremetrics, continuing dialogue, environment... Such pretensions are best dismissed by Jane Austen's best comment in *Northanger Abbey*: 'I cannot speak well enough to be unintelligible.'

A POWERFULLY written chapter deals (from the standpoint of a committed Christian) with the decay of religious belief and practice and their replacement by contemporary mumbo-jumbo. First "Inflexible commandments are rearranged and presented as modes of approach to moral problems, and the difference between right and wrong ceases to be objective... and becomes a matter for personal decision. Hence the readiness with which this type of moral theology accepts sexual promiscuity (and aberration) and individual acts of terrorism, just as once St. Augustine accepted 'the just war'... realities are downgraded to mere symbols and the historical record becomes simply personal biography."

As fast as the dogmas of religion are discarded, new irrational beliefs rush in to fill the vacuum. Those range from such harmless ideas as flying saucers and the

Loch Ness Monster to the potentially dangerous doctrines of Teilhard de Chardin and the Selenologists. Both Nazism and Marxism developed creeds, a cult and a liturgy. "The idea of religion disappearing is as illusory as the Marxist vision of the withering state... Better, therefore, priests than witch-doctors."

Twentieth-century philosophers are weighed in the balance and found wanting. "The implication ... is that philosophy can be nothing more than a commentary on other disciplines." The sole exception is Karl Popper's critique of science, which provides a useful touchstone for distinguishing genuine sciences from the pseudo ones. "Constructing a hypothesis is not essentially different from storytelling; both are creative acts," Johnson points out. "Science is not truth; it is rather the pursuit of truth... falsification is the anticipated and even necessary fate of all hypotheses." All-purpose theories, like Freudianism and Marxism, have the effect of an intellectual conversation or revelation, opening one's eyes to new truth.

JOHNSON'S argument takes us from education to economic chaos, from the present-day approach to crime ("deviant behaviour") to insanity and contemporary barbarism, hence to an examination of the arts, where failure to communicate has led to the abandonment of any pretence of coherence. Two more quotes: "... civilized man believes that there are hard distinctions; that reality and truth are genuine and absolute concepts, not relative ones." And: "... the United Nations has become a kind of Roman arena in which the advanced nations of the West are hunted... We must not be surprised to find that the U.N. should have become the World Theatre of the Absurd, a global madhouse where lunatic falsehood reigns and the voices of the sane can scarcely be heard."

Paul Johnson (a former editor of *The New Statesman*, who caused a furor when he left the Labour Party last month) has put both his heart and his head into the writing of this book. Despite its grim seriousness, it is eminently readable. It deserves to be read. □

of radio critic. Herbert Farjeon heard her at a party doing a W.I. lady lecturing on "Useful and Acceptable Gifts" (Joyce Grenfell actually belonged to the Women's Institute), and on the strength of that started her off in review:

"I told of modernistic waste-paper baskets made from disused biscuit-tins, of candlesticks built from empty wooden cotton-reels and decorative daisies for the mantelpiece contrived by marrying pipe-cleaners to white linen pillow-slip buttons and fixing them firmly into blocks of our kiddies' plasticine at the bottom of wee honey-pots and fish-paste containers."

She was a success from the start and, moreover, has always written most of her own material.

She says that Ruth Draper, the goddess of the monologue, to whom she was distantly related, inspired her to take up this somewhat esoteric art. But heretical as it may seem, I prefer Grenfell. I have only heard Draper on records and it seems to me that she goes on far too long... it's all a bit too calculated and "great-artish," whereas Joyce — well, Joyce is just a scream. □

witty and humane commentator on the social scene.

SHE WAS extraordinarily lucky in that she never seemed to have the usual uphill struggle to achieve success. She sat next to J. L. Garvin, editor of the Observer, at a dinner party, and when he learned that she listened to radio a great deal, especially to serious music, promptly gave her the job

Getting needed

SENSUAL DRUGS by Hardin and Helen Jones. Cambridge University Press. 373 pp. No price stated.

Lesley Hazelton

CASUAL BUYERS beware! The cover of this book shows a half-naked woman standing atop a sand dune, arms raised above her head, the evening light throwing her shadow long upon the ground. Very sensual. The title is printed in varying tones of deep to bright red. But *Sensual Drugs* is, to put it mildly, a misnomer. And the photograph is ironic. For the main point of this book is that drugs are bad for your sex life. Which is, perhaps, why the woman is standing alone.

Hardin and Helen Jones have written an informed and detailed book about drug addiction and its effects. They argue that while drug addicts often started taking their drug for pleasure, it may very soon deprive them of pleasure — a story of the metamorphosis of sensual stimulation into sensual deprivation.

The most striking example is heroin addiction. The "rush" that comes when shooting heroin is comparable to sexual orgasm, but the heroin addict quickly reaches the stage where he or she is completely uninterested in sex; heroin has taken its place. The short discussion of the sexual symbolism of the needle for heroin addicts is very much in place.

WHEN THEY DISCUSS such drugs as alcohol and marijuana, however, the authors tend to overstate their case. In the section on alcohol, barbiturates and tranquilizers, they state:

"There is no base to the old myth that these drugs release sexual power. The sex act is rarely enhanced (by them) and there is a loss of sexual ability with high doses. These drugs are primarily used to release inhibitions."

But in many cases, releasing inhibitions could considerably enhance sexual experience. The drugs may not "release sexual power" in the sense of being aphrodisiacs, but they may aid enjoyment.

The same goes for marijuana. While stating that "many people smoke marijuana for erotic stimulation," the authors point out that "there is evidence that it can actually interfere with sexual performance."

This evidence is presented by 5 per cent of the marijuana users in an American study. And the authors concentrate solely on the evidence of this 5 per cent. (The majority of the sample reported that marijuana enhanced sexual enjoyment.)

The book is based on the authors' intensive work in rehabilitating drug addicts, mainly American veterans of Vietnam and college students. And it is thus understandable, though hardly valid, that they should concentrate on heavy drugs and on the addictive effects of light drugs used heavily.

Given these qualifications, it is undoubtedly a valuable book for those working in the field of addiction and rehabilitation. And it contains some healthy common sense to boot, as, for example, "Good health is the only effective aphrodisiac." □

EVERYBODY wants people to love him, right? Like even Caligula used to spend a fortune on having people bulimic at the circus just to please the mob and make them like him. Reams of advice have since been written on the how-to-win-friends theme, though personally I haven't found them much use. I'm polite as a French diplomat, I ooze tact, I'm quiet, I'm diffident — nothing, I'm a failure.

Not that I gave up too soon. Times were when people asked me how things were, just fine, my latest was selling well, my golf was improving, and I'd won IL50 in the Mil'ni Hapayle. So then instead of loving me people would say fancy that, and sorry but they had to go now, and didn't I think it was time I stopped chasing money like a fool.

In short, they began cutting me dead. Especially of late, like during the past 30 years.

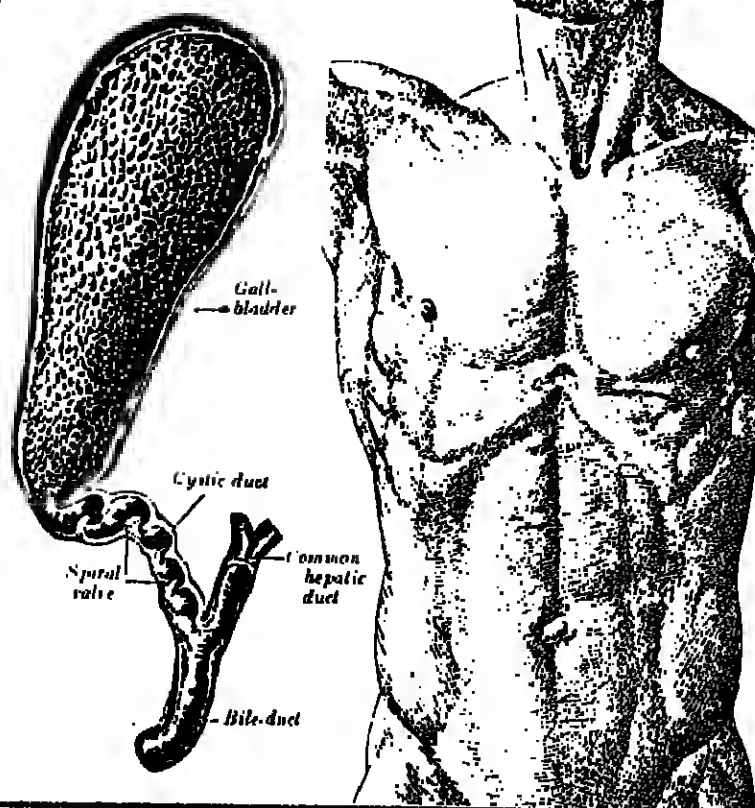
I was getting desperate. All right, I told myself, an friends I can't win, but how about acquaintances, people to pass the time of day with.

"I'm having a great streak of luck," I'd tell people fondly. "There's this opera I've just finished, and now I'm taking the family on a trip to Toluca."

"Don't overdo it," they'd say icily. "You're not getting any younger."

And they'd vanish. And stay clear of me in future. Nobody asked me how I was doing any more. I was dropped. Lonely? Israel at the General Assembly, that's how lonely I was. I wouldn't say I was actually blackballed, but I actually was. I got so I sometimes asked myself: "How are you, Ephraim, what's doing?" Just to feel there was someone who

JOB STORY



Ephraim Kishon

When I did have some achievement it didn't please me any longer because I had no one to tell. I felt as miserable as the Alignment in opposition.

AND THEN I caught my big toe in the door.

Talk of fickle chance. What happened was, I was coming home from the supermarket with my arms full of bottles, so I kicked the front door open with my vigour, but the door kicked back and turned my big toe into a bluish mess between itself and the doorstop.

At that moment my neighbour Felix Selig passed by. He hadn't sold a word to me for the past two

years, but now he stopped:

"What's happened?" he asked. "What's happened, old man?" Speechless with pain, I just pointed. Felix half dragged half carried me to the couch, made me a drink, and stayed till my wife came home.

Aha, I told myself, so that's what it is, and when a week later I met Mrs. Bloom at the Post Office and she asked how my toe and all, I said:

"The nothing. What worries me is, I've been having these terrible stitches in the side..." Mrs. Bloom walked all the way home with me.

"You ought to see a doctor," she told me, her eyes shining. "I bet it's gallstones. Talk-talk, what you'll have to go through yet! You'll wish you'd never been born."

Thereafter she called up every other day to ask how I was.

Gradually people's attention came back to me. By then I'd stopped waiting for them to ask. I'd tell them: "It's hell," I'd say. "These stones are killing me. I can't even toilet. I'm going for an X-ray tomorrow."

Boy, was I winning friends! Just out of curiosity I looked through the how-to-books: they didn't even mention gallstones. Amateurs! Next I hit on the idea of rounding out my daily job story with a double item: I'd had to put off shooting my movie, I said, on account of this operation. I was a roaring success. The little women said she was getting fed up with making coffee all day for my friends and well-wishers. I decided to write a how-to-book myself: "Wall, Weep, and Whimper."

Those days I used to end every conversation with: "I'm done for. Maybe you can lend me a few pounds?"

People would pull out their wallets at once. My faith is humbly returned. "You know," I said to the little woman, "I'm beginning to see what Job was all about. He knew what he was doing, him and his potsherd."

So I took Job's example and served up a reel cocktail of woes, like bookache (e clipped disc), plus troubles with the taxman, plus constipation, bankruptcy, bilharzia, and my latest flop. I also started a rumour that my wife had run off to Spain with Micky Berkowitz.

I was popular as never before. It was in that short and happy period of my life that I discovered the First Sandwich Law, which says that between two fat disasters you can spread a thin layer of luck. I myself managed to slip in — between a fire in the kitchen and my appendix — a prominent literary prize, without being blackballed for it.

AH WELL, it was too good to last.

That Wednesday — the typewriter still trembles under my fingers as I type — that dark Wednesday I was suddenly seized by a very real pain in my lower back. The doctor came and announced: gallstones. Talk of heavenly justice.

"Look, darling," I told my wife, "you'd better borrow some chairs from the neighbours and start on the coffee. They'll come in droves."

Nobody came. Nobody. I'd lost all my hard-won friends in one fell swoosh. And then, on my sickbed, I finally grasped the principle: the crowd don't like sick and unhappy people, they like healthy and prosperous ones who tell them of their troubles. Odd, isn't it?

Translated by Miriam Arad By arrangement with "Mo'ore"

THIS REVIEW is more than a year overdue. I missed the opening of Nico Nitai's one-man show, *The Fall*, because I was abroad at the time. In the months that followed, what with other premieres following one another, it slipped my mind. It was only several days ago that I noticed, with considerable astonishment, that the show is still running and has passed the 500 mark, which, even though it is playing to small audiences in a cafe, is still a phenomenal figure.

THE FALL is performed in a place called Bet Hoven — a play on words using the Hebrew "bet," meaning "house." It is situated in a hard-to-find basement in Dizengoff, about a block north of the Circle, which is now being turned upside down. The basement is reached through a pizzeria and a flight of steps pungent with the aroma of tomato paste and anchovies. On the evening I went, the place was filled — more or less — with youngsters of both sexes, the boys mainly of the studious type, the girls looking as if they were not quite sure what to expect. What was waiting for them was a lecture in Existentialist philosophy disguised as a short story, presented as a one-man show. *The Fall* is Nico Nitai's translation-adaptation-performance of a story by the late French novelist-philosopher, Albert Camus. Camus died 17 years ago in an automobile crash, aged 47. He was at the height of his fame, which had brought him, among other distinctions, a Nobel Prize for literature, and was one of the most influential men of letters of the post-World-War-II period. His *Myth of Sisyphus* is one of the most eloquent documents of our times; it forms,

Down and out, and absurd



Nico Nitai plays the hero in his own adaptation of "The Fall".

THEATRE Mendel Kohansky

by the way, the philosophical basis for what has become known as "theatre of the absurd."

Algerian-born Camus was a

out of which he emerged with a sense of metaphysical anguish and of the absurdity of human existence on earth. About 50 or so years earlier, the German Friedrich Nietzsche made the shattering discovery that God was dead. His proclamation to that effect reverberated throughout Europe, but it took

two world wars and the experience of Nazism for this revelation to become a belief tenet of Western European thinking. Of a philosophy of which Camus and his friend and mentor Jean-Paul Sartre were the chief teachers. "A world that cannot be explained by reasoning, however feebly," Camus wrote, "is a familiar world. But in a universe that is suddenly deprived of illusions of light, man feels a stranger. He is an irredeemable exile, because he is deprived of memories of a lost homeland as much as he lacks... the hope of a promised land to come." And in a world that is absurd, not governed by any rules, which goes its own way regardless of what we humans may think, the moral precepts we so laboriously built make no sense. There is no reward and no punishment; there is only man himself, each individual with his own mind, his own conscience, following his own rules, conscious of the fact that those rules don't make any sense in terms of the universe.

THE HERO of *The Fall* (note the title borrowed from Christian mythology), Jean-Baptiste Clemente (the name means "mercy" in the original French) is a former Parisian lawyer and an ornament of good society, now down and out in the seamy alleys of Amsterdam, where he calls himself a repentant judge, a judge of himself and of the society from which he sprang. He guilt is that before his "fall" began he lived what is considered the decent life of a decent member of society; which is a sinful life because it does not take into account the needs and desires of other human beings. In other words he lived a selfish life,

which is what we all do, even if our name be Albert Schweitzer, because such is the nature of things. Also, we tragically err by priding ourselves on being civilized, while all too often confronted with the fact that under our civilized exterior lurks our ancestor — the gorilla. In a long monologue presented in the form of a dialogue with an invisible interlocutor, Clemente recounts the story of his fall. It is an attempt to rid himself of his guilt by making others participate in it. This is basically a theatrical elution in which the performer engages the spectator as a partner. Nico Nitai, who translated the story and adapted it for the stage — and I use the term "stage" rather loosely here — did not have to change much in the text. What he did was go one step further than the author and involve the spectators in the story by asking them provocative questions and waiting for answers. His handsome face is framed in a luxuriant growth of hair; he wears the shabby clothes one would expect of a wanderer through the eordid dge of Amsterdam's waterfront; he walks around the tables directly addressing individual spectators, interpolating extemporaneous remarks into the prepared text. Nitai is an intelligent performer with an impressive appearance, and his intent — to shock the spectator out of his placidity and make him think — is, of course, highly laudable. However, I found his performance lacking in force, his studied casualness not backed by sufficient energy to make his words penetrate. Still, *The Fall* is a worthwhile experience, and its unusual longevity is in itself evidence of the useful role it performs.

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE

WITHOUT the price of a plane ticket and travel tax, you can have some taste of overseas-style entertainment and shopping right here in Israel. I'm talking about a strictly local enterprise that reminds me of my recent trip abroad.

Shortly after my return, I had a phone call from "Shay" Mayer, the Managing Director of Shalom Stores Ltd., inviting me to a chat about the Tel Aviv department store's "Mayerland" kiddie perk and the general sales policies of his company.

Of course, Mayerland is not Disneyland — but it is patterned on the Californian model. The local version is a miniature "theme park" which uses the rooftop space at downtown Tel Aviv's "Kol-Bo Shalom," as the department store is commonly called here.

Because the site is windy, however, the outdoor amusement park is only open from Passover through Succot. Nonetheless, weather permitting, it will reopen for the Hanukkah vacation week. Three other Mayerland features — the Wax Museum, the 32nd storey observatory with its new glass elevator, and the indoor "penny arcade" — are open all year round.

IF ONE could easily spend two days in Disneyland, one could pretty well "do" Mayerland in two hours, even allowing for queuing up at busy holiday time. My three little girls and I went on a quiet September afternoon and had the place practically to ourselves. It was convenient not to stand in line, but a little dismal to be in an empty amusement park.

There are only half-a-dozen "rides" for the kiddies. They are geared for the under-12 group, but are strong enough to carry grown-ups who are expected to accompany very small children. The rides are as imaginative and artistically executed as their counterparts in Disneyland.

The newest, and one of the nicest, is called "Uncle Moshie's Farm," in which you ride mechanical horses around a track. Also very charming is the Oriental-style miniature kingdom "Shoshanland," which one rides through in little open coaches; taking another cue from Disneyland, this attraction is sponsored by a commercial firm, Paz, which displays its name subtly on the buildings.

The only thing resembling a "fast" or "scarey" ride is what the park calls the "carousal," but what I would call the "flying airplane." They go around and up and down rather quickly, and I think they should be equipped with safety-belts.

IN GENERAL, as is so often the case in Israeli life, there seems to be a somewhat lax attitude towards safety than is common abroad. For instance, the little Israel that winds through Mayerland passes at some points through areas where people walk. When I asked what is done to prevent accidents on crowded days, I was told that "the driver rings a bell to warn people." Another thing: if I were responsible for a kiddie park on a rooftop, I would add a safety-fence. The present retaining wall of the building is not high enough. True, it is chest-high for an adult, but there are points at which a curious child



Taking a ride on the mini-train at the Shalom Tower in Mayerland, Tel Aviv.

MARKETING WITH MARTHA

could get a foothold to peer over.

Fortunately, there have been no accidents during the park's three seasons of operation, Mr. Mayer told me. But surely more precautions wouldn't hurt anyone. Seat-belts on the carousel and other moving attractions would not be expensive to install — and they actually add to the child's sense of adventure.

Prices at the park seem reasonable enough, about IL3 or IL4.50 per ride. One turn on each of the moving attractions would come to about IL25 per child, plus another few pounds for a turn or two in the penny-arcade. (The shooting gallery is designed as a giant on-board, a pleasant change from gunning down Indians or ducks.)

The cost of your outing will rise sharply, however, if you take the family into the Wax Museum (which combines historical themes with purely entertaining ones) or up to the Observatory. The Museum charges IL15 per adult and IL12 per child (above age three), as does the Observatory. A combination ticket for both attractions comes to IL30 per adult and IL20 per child. It is difficult to say if these are worth the price.

The wax figure may not be the most true-to-life in the world, but the general effect is satisfactory. And the Observatory is the highest lookout point in the area, from which you can see all the way from the coastline to the foothills of Jerusalem (on a clear day).

PARKING in the Shalom "Motor House" under the building is not the bargain that parking is at other places. Predictably, Mr. Mayer denies this — while at the same time stating that it is not your car all day for the equivalent of a mere IL5. But then, land in downtown Tel Aviv is not the wastelands of Anaheim, Calif., so perhaps it is all right to charge a minimum IL12 for the first two hours, and IL5 for each additional

couture (and high-priced) brands, such as Aled, Niba and Gotic, but also has an entire "boutique" of the more popular-priced Ayelet Inbel.

I had always assumed that Shalom offered more imported products than other local department stores. While Mayer admits that his firm stocks many foreign products, in order to offer as wide a choice as possible to the customer, he estimates that 70 per cent of the total merchandise of the store, including the supermarket section, is Israeli-made.

The newer Shalom Stores outlet at Kikar Namir in Tel Aviv which opens until midnight, has a high percentage of imported gourmet foods (to attract Israeli strollers), and many locally-made gift items (for the tourist trade).

As for pricing policies in general, Mr. Mayer takes issue with the "Israeli custom of buying discounts rather than value." By this, he means that our consumers have been conditioned over the years, partly by the Shekem discount policy, to expect reductions wherever they shop — and to be concerned more with the size of the discount than with the question of comparative value for money.

NEVERTHELESS, Shalom Stores does not exist in a vacuum, and it too has felt it necessary to introduce a modified version of the Shekem discount scheme.

Soldiers on active duty, policemen and certain retired defence forces personnel are entitled to a seven per cent discount — somewhat less than the 12½ per cent at Shekem or 12 per cent at Hamashbir. Shalom Stores also has an arrangement with the Moshev Movement's discount buying scheme, to which many non-moshavniks also belong, whereby members can buy coupons that give them a 12 per cent discount.

Customers may also open American-style "charge accounts." Almost anyone can do so on the basis of a personal questionnaire accompanied by a letter from one's place of work. These credit-card shoppers get an automatic thros per cent reduction on their purchases — with the exception of supermarket items and merchandise on special sale. Bills for a given month are sent out between the 15th and 20th of the following month, and the customer has seven to 10 days to pay before any interest is charged.

Those who are entitled to the seven per cent discounts mentioned above are generally expected to pay cash; they cannot open a charge account and get a double discount.

UNLESS IT IS a very crowded holiday week, it is possible to negotiate the Shalom shopping areas in relative comfort. Someday, when the store is not too crowded, I shall attempt to compare prices with those of other major chains.

During my last visit the "bargain tables" scattered about the store, but particularly on the street and basement levels, brought back fond memories of department store bargain hunting in the U.S. It was reassuring to know that one could engage in this sport in Israel too, albeit on a smaller scale.

Martha Meleis



Fake Chinese

CULINARY NOTES Haim Shapiro

IN OUR HOUSE we call it fake Chinese food. I am referring to a mixture of meat and vegetables, sometimes leftovers, stir-fried and served with a Chinese-type sauce.

We thus differentiate between this type of informal family cuisine from the elaborate meals served in the better Chinese restaurants. By calling it fake Chinese, we in some way protect ourselves from the evil eye, brought about by excess pride.

Our modesty also enables us to serve one lone dish, rather than the usual array that a Chinese meal entails. Naturally, we present the dish with steamed rice which cooks while we are preparing the rest of the food.

In one particular version of this dish, suggested by the Poultry Marketing Board, we use the dark turkey meat. This is quite satisfactory, but if you have beef or chicken on hand, you may use these equally well.

To prepare fake Chinese meat with vegetables, thinly slice half a kilo of turkey (most easily done if the meat is still semi-frozen), a quarter of a medium cabbage, a carrot, a large onion and a green pepper.

Pouring a little oil into a large frying pan, stir-fry each ingredient separately and remove it to a large bowl. The vegetables should be just tender, but still crisp.

When all the vegetables and meat are ready, prepare a sauce in the frying pan by mixing half a cup of white wine, four tablespoons of soy sauce, a crushed clove of garlic, a chopped pickled cucumber, a teaspoon of sugar, a tablespoon of vinegar, salt, pepper and ginger.

To this add half a cup of water in which you have dissolved three tablespoons of cornflour. Cook the mixture until it thickens and then simmer for a few minutes to eliminate the raw starch taste of the cornflour.

Add the meat and vegetables to the sauce and cook long enough for them to reheat. Serve with the rice.

This recipe can be viewed as a master tune upon which to play endless variations. You might like to substitute one or more of the vegetables by aubergine, bean sprouts or cucumber. If you use a sweet wine such as vermouth or sherry, you could omit the sugar in the sauce.

Finally, if you have pretensions and want to pass this off as authentic Chinese food, you can brown a few almonds and sprinkle them on top.



David Rakia: tapestry (J'lem Artists House).



Eru White: woven paper hanging (detail).

Art from Africa

Ephraim Harris

"AFRICA" is a show of paintings and drawings in various media by African artists unconnected with Israel. Their subjects are taken from popular life at the peasant level. They are emotional but, in a sad way, often suffused, even in infant innocence, by fear; the title of Mbele's piece, "Maternal Terror," is a give-away. There is very little joy; street musicians are more earnest than happy; Shek'n's "Carter" alone appears contented with things; or there may be a zest for living in the unusually bright colours of Mthudi's "Cyclist." A fair portion, particularly among the graphics, demonstrates proper Western education in composition, spatialism and careful polish but as for the influence of a definite European school, there is only the sole instance of Ndebele's "Newspaper Vendor," a poor attempt at surface eclecticism. (The Auditorium, Haifa).

of the refreshing, note the breath of open air in the beach of 13. The Parisian subjects are not so successful for the simple reason that too small a format does not suit the artist ("Graphics 3" Gallery, Haifa).

SUMMER SHOW is from this gallery's group, but only a very average turn out. Freidin comes out well in a painting, done while still in Russia, of tied up bastis and a couple of structures; a wintry, black is prominent. A similar subject in a sunny vein comes in Korber's boats; note the wharf's effective diagonal. Feuerlein also has a harbour in oil (36) plus two watercolours, yet his best work remains his photo-chemical items (11). Gordon presents an abstract in raised wood, the leading colours changing from different angles, a device known, long before Agam, in window dressing. Pallirer has heavily lined black-and-white abstracts somewhat reminiscent of Soulages. L. Weissenberg's study of Beduin girls, whose brown faces are echoed in the background coloration, stands out for its harmonies. From Weinberger, not a badly composed still life of plant and table in muted colours. The other participants include Dobrin, a formalized watercolour landscape; Heruti, flowers in a vase on grey; Sztagi, a gouache with a tightly raised horizontal road running through trees; H. Weissenberg with a dark green lake scene backed by mountains; and from Shulman a liquid watercolour of a narrow lane. Liaberman, the sculptor, presents his partly fantastic figures in untouched olive wood; most successful is the realist "The Parting" (Hagafen Gallery, Haifa). Till Oct. 20. □

of decorative carpets (Jerusalem Artists House).

TAMARA RIKMAN shows etchings and metal sculptures familiar from previous recent exhibitions, though the former are new, less realistic and less cluttered; they happily combine suggestions of high-horizon landscapes and a few symbols for trees, with one or two simple geometric shapes like a right-angle or a semi-circle. The introduction of a faint touch of colour in the later delicately etched off the finely textured monochrome field. These delightful etchings are impeccably conceived and brought off, but also seem a little formulaic; perhaps they are too problem-free. They will certainly look better seen singly. The sculptures, small symbolic landscapes combined with a few basic geometric shapes, do not stand up to a second confrontation (Debel Gallery, Ben Kerem).

ELLEN MILAN has a show of new works at the Jewish Quarter's Art-Gallery, which will remain unaccessible to all but the keenest of hikers, for there is now no public parking available nearer than the lot on Mount Zion. The only public lot inside the walls has now been excavated to house the projected underground parking garage for the "Rova". The only other parking lot in the area is the one reserved for residents of the Quarter. It will be years before any other parking is available. Perhaps the development authorities can come to the rescue? □

Jacob Zim: oil painting (Graphics 3, Haifa).

EVA WHITE, a recent immigrant with a Masters Degree in Fine Arts from Reading University, is showing five enormous hangings, four of them in the garden of the Jerusalem Artists House. All of them are vertical rectangles, some woven from strips of paper or glued canvas, one a collage, another made of etched polyethylene and canvas. The latter offers the most in composition, part of the work being unattached or gathered up. The other hangings function mostly as areas of interesting textures: the larger silver-paper one turns in the wind to disclose a richer darker side that summons up thoughts of Montezuma's fabulous cloak. White says her main intention is to explore the textural possibilities and intrinsic qualities of the materials themselves and she has certainly gone far towards achieving this aim. She also points out that as these materials deteriorate, the works undergo a continual metamorphosis. While this may be true, one questions the lack of control and might proffer an analogy with a bad oil painting that cracks and yellows with time. But then these are not materials chosen for their permanence. The nine-metre work indoors, by the way, takes up most of the mezzanine gallery and descends from a corner of the ceiling to cover most of the floor (Jerusalem Artists House). Till Oct. 11.

DAVID RAKIA, a veteran Jerusalem figure, takes up the rest of the same venue with a vast collection of oils, acrylics and knotted carpets. Rakia is an un-

New in Jerusalem

Meir Ronnen

abashed sentimentalist who forges fantastic-realistic or symbolist impressions of Jerusalem in often lurid monochrome shades and still cleaves to the Hebrew letter as part of his iconography. The canvases are those of a naïf, but are quite without charm. Even a note of humour seems seriously conceived: hilarious is a poorly painted, semi-surrealist female figure representing Bat-Zion, who sits with her crotch astride the Tower of David. Rakia also shows some new multi-layer transparencies made of shaped tracing paper with an acrylic-gouache base, but this gimmick fails to help his formal problems. I describe all this with regret, but only to note that Rakia's many fine tapestries seem to come from the hand of a different artist. Here the symbols are refined, properly related to one another as a design and, best of all, rendered in colour combinations that range from the brightly satisfactory to the quite splendid, particularly the one with the archer-hunter symbol in the foyer. The colours are chosen with taste; it seems almost inconceivable that these works were designed by the same man who painted those dreadful canvases. Rakia has a future as a designer

Galleries dismayed by home sales

THE MEMBERS of the Israel Art Galleries Association met in Tel Aviv last Friday, to discuss, among other things, the inroads that "exhibitions" in private homes are making into their trade. These shows take many forms. Many are arranged by friends of an artist who is not professional enough a talent to obtain a show in a private gallery, or to qualify for assistance at a semi-public one. Other viewings are arranged for new immigrants by a socialite patron or for an artist friend-in-need. Still others serve as an occasion to launch the housewarming of a new villa or apartment, with all the walls suitably covered. Still others are organized by artists at their own homes, to avoid paying rent or the

30 per cent sales commission due to a gallery; the latter are often organized as community "art fairs", like the current one in Yemin Moshe. The shows in private homes are usually Friday afternoon, all day Saturday affairs.

Gallery owners claim knowledge that managing directors of certain large firms regularly invite their out-of-town agents to "command viewings" of their artist friends. They also claim evidence that many householders hosting shows receive sales commissions or re-

tain several of the paintings. In claiming unfair competition, the gallery owners point out that sales and commissions are not reported to the income tax authorities and that value added tax is not paid. Even the gallery owners themselves are importuned to donate paintings to home art auctions and sales organized for good causes. Friday's meeting decided on a resolution calling on all gallery owners not to contribute anything but their own private cash to such causes, and to quote this resolution to any future requests for paintings or sculptures.

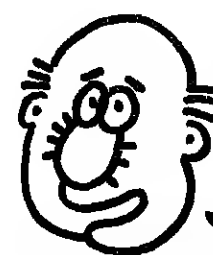
Professional private galleries perform a valuable public service in providing artists with a platform, advice and bookkeeping and in offering the public new and often experimental art at their own financial risk. Their future is distinctly threatened by private sales of cheaper, often cheaply poor art, which does nothing to raise the state of cultural awareness. But there is little that the galleries can do to stop these sales. The Israel Art Galleries Association has recently noted up a small achievement however: the printing of a quarterly

English-Hebrew "Gallery Guide" listing current, permanent and coming exhibitions. It is available free at any member gallery.

A NON-COMMERCIAL way of introducing young artists to each other and to the public has been announced by painter-teacher Raffi Lavie, who says that once every month or so the Tel Aviv Artists House will be open for so evening to any young artist who wishes to show any type of work, plastic art, photography, theatre, happening or whatever. There will be no lectures, no selection, no formal criticism, but free discussion and explanation will be encouraged. Gallery owners starved for new talent might well attend. □

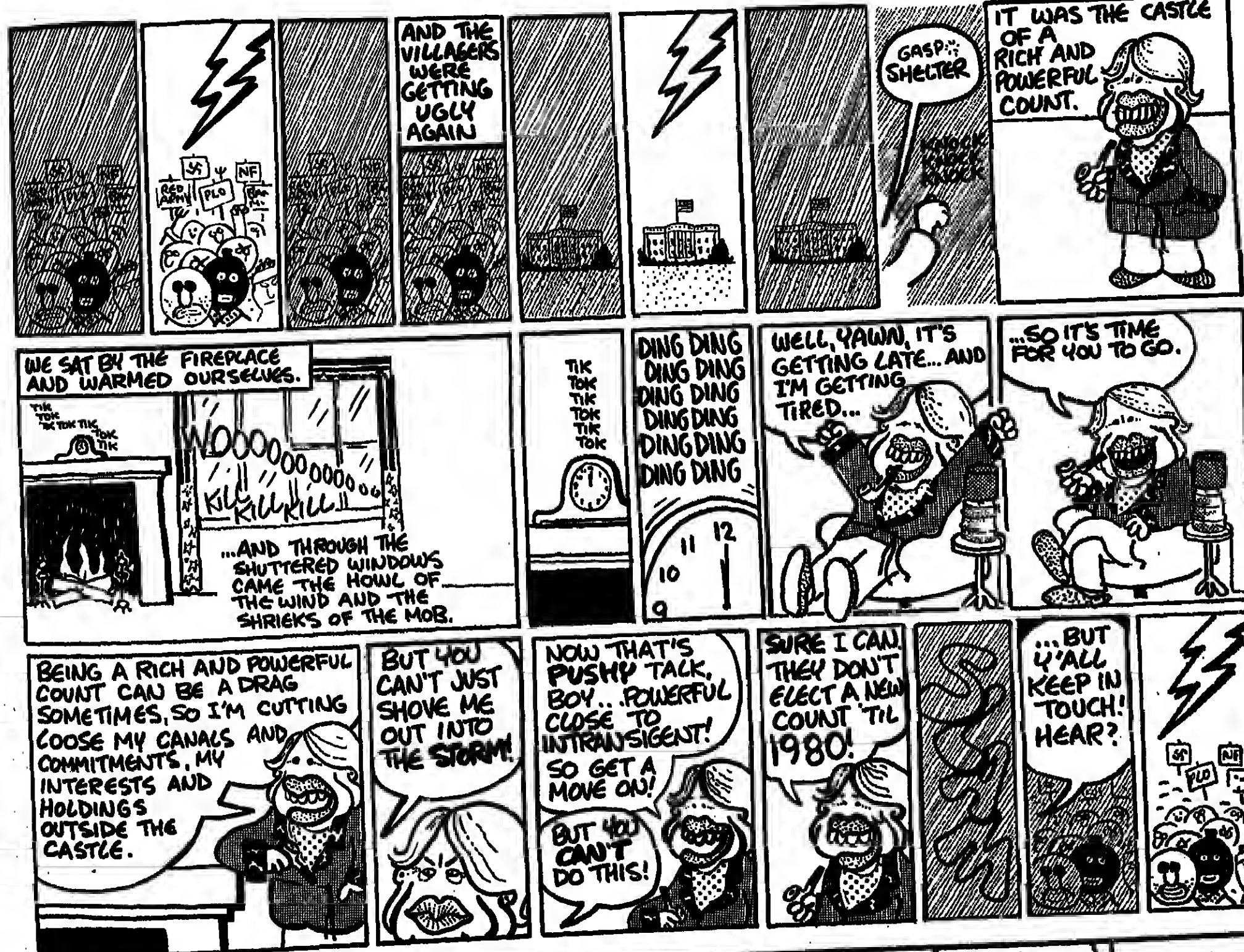
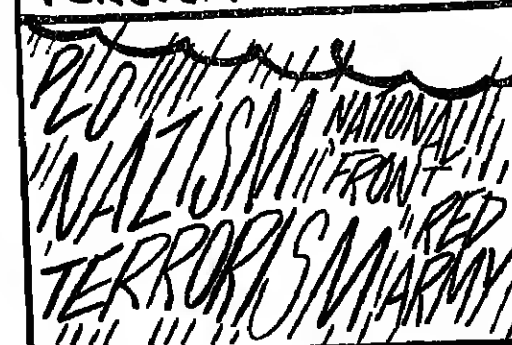
The Weekend Dry Bones

OCTOBER IN AMERICA MEANS, AMONG OTHER THINGS, "HALLOWEEN"... WHEN KIDS DRESS UP LIKE GHOSTS AND EVERYONE LIKES TO HEAR A GOOD...



HORROR STORY

...IT SEEMED LIKE THE STORM WOULD GO ON FOREVER.



مكتبة الأصل